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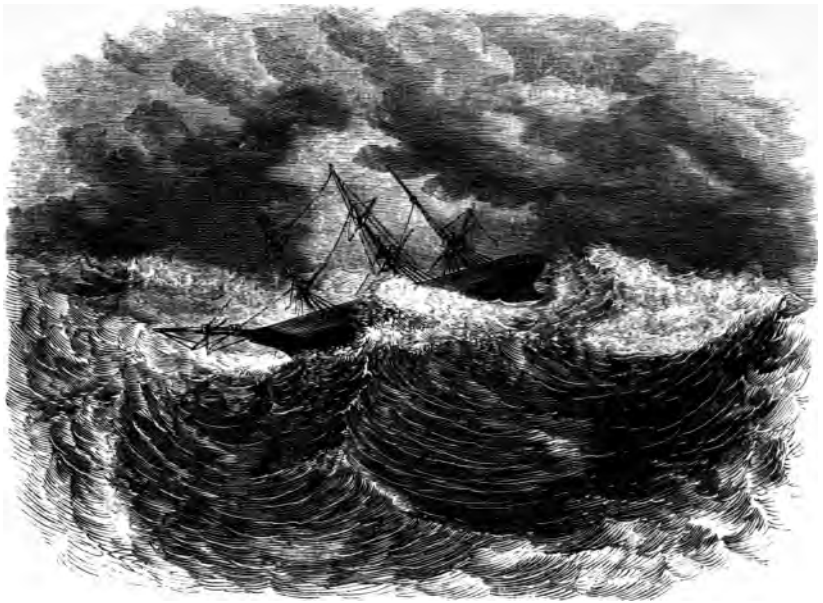
AND
LEGENDS.



THE STORM AT SEA (*page* 120.)

280 c 94.

LINDUM LAYS AND LEGENDS.

BY

EDWARD GEORGE KENT.

AUTHOR OF "NINEVEH AND OTHER POEMS," "THE CHRISTMAS YULE LOG," AND SUBSCRIBER TO THE SOUVENIR OF MODERN MINSTRELSY, ETC.

"Perituræ parcite chartæ."

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WILLIAM FAWCETT,
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PREFACE.

It is with a feeling of regret that I appear on the highway of Parnassus, knowing, or rather feeling, myself to be but a poor pilgrim, though not a solitary one, in the eyes of the numerous groups who are continually overtaking me, and passing forward to the desired spot. As I said, however, in my preface to a former work, it is my aim, and you will see it has been my pride, chiefly to strike at subjects from whence a lesson may be learnt or a moral may be drawn. Subjects, I will not say of my poems, but of my poor attempts or ghostlike skeletons of real poetry. Still, I do not despair, knowing that fancy and taste are so variable, but that some of my pieces will meet with a welcome in some breasts, where others will be discarded that will be graciously received elsewhere. Therefore, I can, with confidence, submit my effusions to the notice of the public, not caring how great the castigation is I receive; my only fear being that I am not worthy of much abuse on the one hand, or entitled to any praise on the other. Concerning the philosophy of writing poems, even were I able, I think but little attends it. The greatest philosopher, and philanthropist too, is the man who can live a poem. Doubtless had we more livers of poems, and fewer writers, or would-be writers, the world would be greatly benefited by the change. In this little volume I have, perhaps, presumed to give my opinion on certain

points where I should not have done so; but, still, the wide scope of human knowledge must have arguments from whence to deduce its several points for active discussion. If I have framed any new argument, I only hope the issue will be in accordance with the views of both parties. Concerning the part of my volume, entitled "Lindum Lays and Legends," I scarcely know what comment to make thereon. All I can say is that my Lincolnshire readers will easily challenge the reports and tales of the witches and ghosts, or others, similar to them being told on our hearths on many a wintry night. Indeed I have no doubt, in a circle of ten miles from this desk I am writing upon, I could find a number of persons who have seen ghosts and witches in these modern times of civilisation. Of course the fens are not the victims of civilised rule, where these unaccountable stories roll from one mouth to another, gathering force and wonder in their journies, till, at last, they become as horrible and unlikely as they well can be. However, my volume must speak for itself. If it will amuse any mind, or occupy any one, apart from the labour and fatigue of the world, for a few minutes, providing these minutes give pleasure or mental relaxation, I am sufficiently paid. Casting my poor thanks into the scale,

I again remain

My reader's humblest servant,

EDWARD GEORGE KENT.

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He mounts the chariot, with his iron hand,
Supports his shield, and flies across the land;
He girds his buckler on his stalwart frame,
And with his breath he feeds the warring flame!
His cry is vengeance, but the reckless fight,
Can well support the fury of his spite!
He loves to bear the vast consuming brand,
Of awful terror, thro' an hostile land,
To wage destruction and to ravage o'er
The conquer'd riches of a foreign shore,
But yet his noble dignity of soul
Doth bear a generous name from pole to pole.
Napoleon leads the valiant troops to war,
And boldly mounts himself the fiery car;
A second Hector guides the glorious right,
The left a general fearless in the fight;
The ire of Jove each gallant spirit moves,
The Gallic hero seeks the scene he loves.
Each little hamlet of the silent plain,
And teeming city swells the hosts of men;
Love-stricken maidens grieve their cruel loss,
And swear allegiance to the holy cross!
Whilst weeping mothers bid their sons adieu,
Paternal blessings 'scort the noble crew.
Was e'er a sword unsheathed for better use?
Did e'er a monarch have much more abuse?
But why, and wherefore did the nation's jar,
To see Napoleon wage a sacred war!
'Twas thus they left their own delightful land,

To toil for Mars upon a foreign strand;
Their iron vessels plough the yielding seas,
And spangled streamers grace the flippant breeze.
Each heart is willing dangers rife to brave;
Each mind content if Heaven decrees the grave!
One feeling blest in Gallia's navy reigns,
One thirsting flame each burning breast contains.
No thought of spoils hangs forth a tempting bait,
Their noblest wish to free Italia's fate.
Honour to thee, Napoleon, doth belong;
Thy noble deed supports no empty song.
Had I the pen of Ovid in my hand,
The truths of Æsop ever at command,
The wondrous wit of Shakespear's greatest play,
E'en then these gifts would never half betray,
The love I see within thy mind unfurled,
Who leapt to save the mother of the world!

Quickly they sail before the April wind,
And leave the cliffs of fatherland behind,
'Twixt home and war what curious thoughts arise,
Now in the grave, next soaring in the skies;
They dream of falling in the battle's heat,
Now routing all, now suffering a defeat;
Visions of home, of wives and ruddy lass,
Babe in the cradle, 'fore their eyelids pass,
And wondrous fancy fills their cloudy brain,
O will they live to see those scenes again?

But Father Neptune, monarch of the seas,
Is kind, and stills the fury of the breeze;
Quick o'er the billows of the mighty deep
In rapid pace their noble vessels sweep.
In time a voice, a welcome sound is heard,
Amid the clouds they spy the omen'd bird,
Of Father Jove, 'tis well, the shore is seen;
Where Fortune, summons to the bloody scene:
Their glittering legions tread the classic soil,
Where Cæsar caus'd the world in wrath to boil:
While ruin'd temples and the vast remains,
With awe and reverence, fill their wondering brains.
Where Virgil wrote and Livy sung the lays:
Of Rome majestic in her flowery days:
Where great Æneas offered to the Gods,
The milk-white sow he slaughter'd in the woods:
And where the greatest Patriot of the world
With well-taught skill the Punic flag unfurled,
Hannibal! general, thy immortal name,
While this world stands, shall lose no jot of fame:
Not one before thee, since thee, ne'er a man,
Has foster'd honour in the martial van.
Not for ambition, did thou wage the fight,
But country's welfare, and a nation's right;
Tho' Rome ambitious, with tyrannic sway
Hard press'd thy legions, bore thy flags away:
And cast a splendid city down in scorn,
Before that day thy spirit home was borne,
If thou had been, no guilty wretch, as one

Fameas, devilish dirty treacherous son,
Would e'er have done the trick as he hath done.

MONTEBELLO.

The fragrant vales convey the thund'ring sound,
The cannons roar o'erwhelms the hosts around,
To arms! To arms! they fly across the plain,
Loud as the billows of the foamy main!
Quick as the lightnings flash across the sky,
As ravenous wolves to sacred graveyards fly,
O'er fields of grain the wondrous phalanx rolls,
Scattereth the foe and sendeth where? their souls!
The verdant slopes, the shady groves are red,
With crimson gore in fearful conflicts shed,
While mighty branches strew the battle plain;
Of noble trees whose trunks are rent in twain.
The furious French their strongest might oppose,
With bayonets fix'd rush headlong on their foes;
With wonderous crash the jarring swords resound
And heroes tumble lifeless on the ground,
To right and left the fiery balls dismiss,
Heroic hundreds in Death's orifice;
They yield, they yield; behold they fly, they fly,
Sounds of rejoicing echo thro' the sky;
Quick, quick behind, lo! rush the charging trains
Retreating swiftly thro' the shelter'd lanes,

At every turn, they fire the deadly grape
In wild disorder, each tries to escape,
The order lastly to their men they give,
Look to yourselves, and all who wish to live
Must flee before the troops of Gallic horse,
And quit the quarters of the hostile force.
A shriek is heard, lo! some poor mortal dies,
In writhing pain, upon the grass he lies,
In vain, in vain he seeks the cooler shade,
While thro' his breast is stuck the horrid blade;
He looketh up, is it his God to bless,
Is it a curse upon his wretchedness!
O! Heaven bear witness to these scenes of pain
And pour compassion on the battle plain!
Forgive the sin that stirs them up to fight,
And o'er their forms in peacefulness alight.
The army's pride the greatest chiefs are lost,
Dispersed and routed fly the Austrian host
Past is the skirmish while the battle plain,
Is covered thick with wounded, dying, slain;
Here lies a General with the stern embrace,
Of sudden death fixed deeply in his face,
Prostrate he fell, his dying looks proclaim,
A warrior worthy of so bright a fame!
He shed his blood to serve a noble cause,
And gave his life a ransom for the laws;
Alas! his sun was set before the noon,
Too dear was Montebello's battle won?
Across the Po the troops of Stadion fly,

While Forey's legions hurtful fates defy,
Victorious feats their brilliant arms attend,
Brave in the fight, enduring to the end;
Cast down, o'erthrown the chariots of the host,
By modern Ajax, in the frays are lost;
Mixed and alarm'd, the adverse armies blend,
And horror-struck, a neighbour kills his friend.
Next came the conflict of Vilata's plain,
They chase the foe and bear the palm again;
Cialdin's corps the Desia's passage seek,
Well bathed in gore the heated warrior's reek;
The crimson waters swiftly glide between,
As if to shun the horrors of the scene;
The natural hue forsakes the aqueous flood,
And crested ripples wear the tinge of blood!
No peace bound vessel cuts the foamy spray,
Or rural boatman sings the time away,
But war and murder wage infernal sway.
'Tis o'er and past, Vercelli's glorious fight
Ends in destruction to the Austrian right;
Their cannon spik'd, across the fields they fly,
Piedmontese heroes claim the victory.
On every side where hamlets graced the plain,
But ruined cots and broken walls remain:
Where blushing flowerets crowned the hillock's brow,
Where peaceful flocks in safety grazed below,
Where oft libations to the Gods were poured
Of mingled wine, where simple swains adored,
There homes sequestered in the silent dale,

Lo! darken'd clouds the mid-day heavens veil!
The storm is thick while harshly fate torments,
As fearful crashing of the elements!
Dense smoke ariseth from the dismal sight
Of vanquish'd domes the peasant's hasty flight.
No more the vine enshrines the leafy spray,
Or hangs its purple fruits across the way,
The cry for glory and the thirst for fame
Enwrap the country in the raging flame
Of horrid war, while Gaul's great chieftain shows
Himself a general, victor o'er his foes;
He blendeth mercy with his mighty power,
And cheers the wounded in the trying hour
Of death, alike both friend and foe receive
The kind attention, his delight to give,
He stands a hero, and a man alone,
The guide of all, who fill a mighty throne.
Lo! next they ford Ticino's lovely stream,
Quick thro' the waves their foaming chargers swim,
The massive legions seek the fight again,
And meet their foes on sweet Magenta's plain.

Again the bristling cannon's deafening roar,
To Victor's camp the early breezes bore
Of June's sweet morning, in the solar rays
Their shining arms, and vengeful sabres blaze.
With watchful care the dauntless troops advance
Of brave Sardinia and ambitious France.
As prowling tigers hunt their prey by night,

With hideous cries the Turco seeks the fight,
Untam'd to all but Nature's wildest call
Forward he springs nor heeds the flying ball!
No fear hath he for death's malignant sting,
Loud piercing cries he's ever loath to sing,
With yells unearthly, lo! he fills the sky,
While at the sound the foes for quarter cry.
Awe struck with fear, they lay their weapons down,
While fearful peasants flee their native town,
Confused, they haste in wild disorder fly,
From homes of peril, domes of misery!
Doubt for a moment fills Napoleon's breast,
'Tis well Mac Mahon sets all fear at rest.
From Buffalora now the welcome sound,
Of fusilades inspires the hosts around;
Mixed with the bleating lambs they hear the cries,
Far in the distance, and to duty rise;
Quick on the spot the General's troops appear,
On high Noviglio wage the fight severe,
Wimffen's brigade the hostile ranks attack,
While gallant Cler supports the noble track,
As rushing streams of armed men they meet,
'Mid scenes of fire and gore and dust and heat,
Like one vast chaos of infernal might,
Confused they mingle in the bloody fight,
Death in his chariot scans the gloomy sky,
On every side the vanquish'd heroes lie,
Without regard his fiery shaft descends,
While madden'd vengeance with its fury blends;

As peals of thunder guns successive sound
And cannon plough with deadly grape the ground,
The noble Cler the bravest of the slain,
Flower of France, lies stretched upon the plain;
The great Maudhuy and gallant Desme fall,
The glorious martyrs of the deadly ball!
While on the hills the massive troops appear
Of brave Vinoy and Marshal Canrobert.
Impressive grandeur in its angry mood,
Reigns o'er the scene of carnage and of blood,
First one's the leader in the reckless chase,
Helpless he falls, another fills his place,
They yield the victims of the hostile ball,
Successive rise and in succession fall.

From Buffalora, lo! the Austrians flee,
And leave their wounded scattered o'er the lea,
To sweet Magenta, village of the plain
They rush and 'sail Mac Mahon's ranks again;
The Gallic flag waves o'er Cascina's farm,
Where fifteen hundred of the foe disarm,
While from the village pouring currents flow,
Of purple blood that stain the vales below,
The clouds of fury veil the sunny sky,
While piercing shrieks of wounded sound on high,
Terrestial horrors crown the fatal site,
And wild confusion seals the mournful fight,
Gyulai's legions flee the battle's heat,

The bugles sound their General's sore defeat.
Behind they leave upon the crimson site,
Ten thousand heroes conquer'd in the fight,
Napoleon's pride Imperial Jove obeyed,
The price was blood. Alas! too dearly paid.

Alas! unburied human bodies lie!
Revolting stenches crowd the offensive sky,
Whilst near before the vital spark has fled,
The hungry raven feasteth on the dead!
The noble warrior cries aloud in vain,
And calls for succour on the woful plain;
No sacred streamlets from the mountains roll,
To heal his pain or cheer his sinking soul;
But stinking pools supply his anxious need,
Alone, alone, he's left to die and bleed!
No watchful eye is present there to see,
Or panting breast to share his agony;
No voice of kindness soundeth in his ear,
Alas! no heart breathes forth for him a pray'r,
Unseen, uncar'd for, to the God who gave,
He yields his spirit, while no christian grave,
No sculptured stone tells where his body lies,
Half buried mouldering 'neath the burning skies.
The Austrian General with his mighty band,
The Mincio ford upon the opposing strand,
His warlike troops in battle's fierce array
Move to and fro a signal contest pray.

The Adda's, Oglio's and Chiesa's lines
They quit, and blow up their infernal mines.
Lonato's heights they flee in fearful ire,
The shining troops behind the stream retire.

SOLFERINO.

'Twas on the dawning of the twenty-fourth
Of June, as Phœbus shone upon the earth,
The joyful songsters twitter'd on the trees,
With tuneful carols swell'd the early breeze,
The gems of Flora sipp'd the crystal dew,
Too soon, alas! to wear the crimson hue.
In matchless pride before the fatal fray,
The burnish'd plains of Solferino lay!
The gentle rills in calmness swept along,
And o'er the pebbles wove a cheerful song,
Each heart beat high, for glory led the morn,
The singing lark sprung from the emerald corn,
And ne'er a thought betook the anxious swain,
That Mars would build his temple on that plain,
Where peaceful zephyrs swept along the air,
Arm'd myriads meet the combat fierce to share.
Again the sound of distant cannon rings,
Napoleon's ear, in haste for desp'rate things;
He quickly seeks Castiglione's site,
And there enlists the Imperial Guard of might;

But while the shades of sombre midnight reigned,
Their foes in haste their former camp regain'd;
Again they crossed the rolling current o'er,
And held the scene they fled the night before,
Their num'rous legions as the heavenly host,
Of stars in number crowd the vales and coast,
Upon the willows by the rippling stream,
They hang their arms and dream the victor's dream.
Dreams are deceptive! oft enwrapt in woe!
Tho' dazzling, empty: true they found them so,
This day may Heaven our valiant forces bless,
The Generals pray, their omen'd fates address,
The shrine of Jove the breathless thousands seek,
The dauntless warrior dares once to be weak,
Half pride, half fear, fills up his anxious breast,
A little bravery can but there find rest,
While nervous tremour thrills his manly soul,
Defying all his courage or control.
Again with fury and terrific might,
On Guito's plain the num'rous legions fight,
Mac Mahon hurleth o'er their iron car,
And splitteth up their instruments of war;
Like raging tempests of the stormy main,
The gory masses sweep across the plain;
Hilliers, the faithful noble chief of France,
With vengeful madness makes a slow advance,
They fall while ardour his battalions fill,
And he arrives at Solferino's hill;
With mightier phrenzy they to battle go,

Than hungry Indians scalp the luckless foe.
The modern Ajax of the hostile host,
Is slain and numbered with the many lost;
His spear is broken with tremendous sound,
His foaming charger thunders on the ground,
They shout and shriek while one infernal cry,
Glides from the field and fills the echoing sky,
Tragic, unearthly scenes appear to view,
Succeeding horrors each in like renew.
One past another, lo! has yet to come,
While every moment hastens heroes home.
They fall, they fall, beneath the monstrous sway
Of fate, but conquer'd victims for decay.
In mournful shame the desecrated plain
Is strewn with tombs and tablets rent in twain;
Despoiling, plundering, in their march they tread
Upon the caverns of the peaceful dead,
Sepulchral vaults where putrid bodies lie,
Expose their contents to the heated sky;
Whilst scenes before bedeck'd with nature's smile
Wear but a coat of gore from mile to mile;
Where chanticleer proclaimed the op'ning morn,
Where lately waved the golden ripening corn,
Where the rude cot with clustering woodbine stood
Close by the borders of the leafy wood;
Where the snug farm-yard grac'd the rustic site
Where the sweet nook the lovers fond delight,
Stood 'neath its bowers of sweet and fragrant May,
War, war hath come, and all hath pass'd away;

The chanticleer hath paid his passage o'er
To that fair land to sound his note no more;
The ripening corn beneath their hasty stride,
Has bow'd no more to wave in faultless pride;
The little cot no longer studs the green,
No more the farmstead dwells in peace serene,
No longer love doth o'er these scenes preside,
The lovers' work is gone, and far and wide,
Wild desolation meets the weeping eye,
And rears its ghastly pinnacle on high!
In vain! in vain! upon their bended knees,
They ask for quarter, their devoted pleas,
For wife or child are utter'd but to hear,
An angry answer or a taunt severe!
In vain does habitation from their birth
In numerous hearts, upon that spot of earth,
Send forth its cry, 'tis all in vain! in vain!
For nought but hope can see that spot again;
The smooth'd chin lad with eyes of flowing tears,
And forehead fair, yea! scarce of twenty years,
Bids every member of his blood good bye,
Rushes to seek war's honor'd fame or die!
A month is past, and weeping eyes are seen,
Sorrow o'ertakes the cottage on the green!
Their flower and gem, alas! is borne away,
Fate has decreed to them a grievous day,
Thus do the fates of mighty Mars rebel;
'Gainst human power, no earthly tongue can tell,
Their mysteries darker than the shades of hell!

Camou and Forey with unrivall'd skill,
Defeat their foes and take each rising hill,
While brave Lebœuf and Sevelinges rain,
Their showering grape, upon the tarnished plain,
In death's embrace the hostile thousands lie,
And unrevenged the hosts of Joseph die;
At last as Fortune fitful in its rage,
Breaks forth in suddenness so they engage,
The Austrian columns make a deadly sweep,
Defeated heroes lie high heap on heap,
Contention claims her mighty throne indeed,
Minerva weeps to see her thousands bleed!
With angry passion every bosom beats,
With boiling rage each adversary meets,
With hair dishevelled and with glaring eyes,
Each vanquished hero sinks and meekly dies,
Whilst those yet blest with life's benignant bloom,
Press onward, on, to victory or the tomb!
Or some inglorious as the fates decree,
Yet live the prisoners of uncertainty,
But yet no break disturbs the charging corps,
Mars still assumes the aspect that he bore.

In Solferino's usual quiet street
The Austrian phalanx 'fore Bezaine retreat,
Exploding loud the smoke ascendeth high,
Before, behind, misfortun'd victims lie;
They shriek and howl while the unearthly yells

Of suffering soundeth as a thousand hells!
Is this the glorious prize? The great reward?
Of warfare's toil, then human fates rule hard!
The only laurel fighting chiefs can claim
Is sin that deeper stains our human shame,
And tinged with blood those laurels e'er shall be,
The greatest foes of peaceful liberty.
O human mind! that thou we'rt doubly blest
Instead of fondling curses in thy breast,
Gird up thy loins for the fights of love,
And shout the songs of joyful rest above!
Unsheath that sword no more, of guilty spoil,
Allow thy blood no more in wrath to boil,
Seek not the laurels stain'd with crimson blood,
But seek the crown beyond life's rolling flood,
These laurels fade, the pride of one short day,
That crown of life will never fade away.

The snorting steed in his last struggle groans,
While marching lines 'rive up his broken bones,
Upon the grass the purple current glides,
The clotted gore congealeth on his sides;
The tawny weasel from the neighb'ring wood
Draws near and gladly sucks the streaming blood,
With sharpest pain from shatter'd limbs the steed
Struggles with death and each betakes the lead,
Silent he lies as if already gone,
Snorting again he drags the splinter'd bone!

Then sinks again, alas! for all is o'er!
The faithful beast will smart with pain no more.

Between the ranks of Piedmont and of France
Four Austrian columns make a swift advance,
Six mounted cannon Foregot's will obey,
In wild disorder now they speed away.
Magenta's hero, on the charming plain
Of Guidizzolo, wins the fight again,
Pursues, disbands the flying Hapsburg train.

THE STORM.

The scene is changed, thick vapours load the air,
The gloom conceals the blood red charioteer,
Above in might terrific thunders roll
And fearful lightnings rush from pole to pole;
Across the clouds illumin'd meteors fly,
Whose golden trains uplight the darken'd sky,
'Mid falling sheets of pelting hail and rain,
The fiery ball descends upon the plain!
At once they cease and trembling fix'd afraid,
Quick in their scabbards drop the crimson blade;
Heaven's artillery sounds the deaf'ning blast,

O'ercome with fear the legions stand aghast,
Lo! raging storms burst forth in double might,
The howling tempest weaves the robe of night,
Owls amaz'd from hollow caverns peep,
Alarm'd the vampire quits the niche of sleep,
In time on high the arch ethereal breaks
With wondrous force the warring spheroid shakes;
Charonic dangers with tumultuous might,
Infest the horrors of the awful sight;
The radiant rainbow thro' the mist is seen,
With varied hues reflecting o'er the scene.
The flaring torches of the flaming car,
Expose to view the peril'd fates of war,
Heaven is open'd as it were to show
The saints above, satanic rule below;
In gathering strength the rolling river roars,
Hurling their bodies on its tainted shores,
The drifting sandbank forms the reckless tomb,
Where thousands find their dark impending doom;
Warriors brave lie thick upon the plain,
Unlucky wretches in the combat slain,
In death's embrace they sleep no more to rise,
Until their Maker cometh in the skies;
Tho' loud the peals and light the flashing ray,
With tenfold might upon that dreadful day,
The rolling thunders shall resound and shake
This frail built orb while thousands fear and quake,
And then in vain, that cry, that awful cry!
O mountains hide us, shall be heard on high!

Though vanquished in the battle here below,
Tho' here consigned to keen and mournful woe,
Beyond this world of trouble and of love!
We have a hope of cherish'd joys above;
Tho' now the soul may flee, the body fall,
Yea! then damnation claims the soul and all!
Lo! evening comes, behold the pond'rous clouds
Disperse, the west is wrapt in golden shrouds,
The show'ring rain no more in might descends,
No blacken'd cloud proclaims a storm impends.
Calm is the scene again the chiefs renew
Their own position, and their foes pursue,
Of Joseph's pride who leave in hasty flight,
Napoleon victor, conqueror of the fight;
Supreme doth carnage rule the lifeless throng,
Men, steeds, and muskets strew the vales along,
For num'rous miles the plains are covered o'er
With mingled masses weltering in their gore,
While fifteen thousand of the Austrian host
Are slain and number'd with th' unlucky lost;
Six thousand prisoners in despair behold
Their country's chosen flee the fatal fold,
Whilst prizes great and taken cannon show
The Gallic conquest o'er the vanquish'd foe;
Napoleon, general, leader great and brave
Unsheath'd his sword to free the shackled slave,
Bright were his stars, resplendent ever shone,
His guiding planet, his victorious sun!
Tho' Europe careless of his fair address,

Heaven itself enshrined him with success;
Foremost he waged throughout successive broils,
While victory heap'd his laurel'd brow with spoils,
Imperial eagles bore the well earn'd prize,
While fierce invaders no more tyrannize.
At length the sound of peace, delightful sound,
With joy inspir'd the nations far around,
The crimson'd sword they sheath'd, the deadly gun
Was silent, brightly shone the summer sun,
Nature herself with gladness heard the voice
Of peace! the world re-echo'd all rejoice!
Thankful to Heaven for the smiling fate,
Of Italy crushed! down trodden! desolate!
For she hath found a Saviour and a friend,
Whose name shall live while time itself shall end;
Bright be her rising star of coming fame,
May earthly honour yet demand her name!
May yet her sons the purple liquor quaff,
Beneath their fig trees sound the merry laugh!
O may she rise again to ancient lore,
And rule the world of civil might once more,
Till that fair morning when millenium's dawn,
Breaks on the world, O wish'd for happy morn!
Then number'd with the glorious climes of earth,
Rejoicing tell the news of festive mirth,
When bloody war no more shall rage in might,
No more shall men renew the gory fight,
But peace shall reign, immortal and sublime,
And love celestial crown the fates of time.

PALESTINA.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

CANTO I.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST, ETC.

I.

Awake my humble muse, no humble strain
Demands thy effort, solemn and sublime,
Is the great story: golden is the vein,
That shines so clearly through the clefts of time.
O Palestine! sweet country of the earth,
Let memory tell of thy refulgent past,
O bid me sound our great Salvator's birth;
Proud of my subject, though no metaphrast,
As one of earth. O let me sing thy praise,
O Clime beloved! the scene of sacred plays.

II.

O happy land! happy by heavenly law,
Water'd by peaceful Jordan's silvery stream;
Where God's well chosen with devotion saw,
The bright fulfilment of the prophet's theme,
Where in the fulness of predicted time,
When great Augustus graced the throne of Rome,
When earth was peace, and peace itself sublime,
A Prince was born! beneath no splendid dome;
In no grand palace, no high towering place,
Did God instal the Saviour of our race!

III.

Lo! on thy mountain tops good news was borne,
To our afflicted tribe, dejected man;
The streams of mercy danc'd that festive morn,
And Satan's downfall in that hour began!
When the poor shepherds warned by Gabriel's voice,
Follow'd in faith the midnight lamps of heav'n.
They knew the welcome sound Rejoice! rejoice!
Ye sons of men, to you a Prince is given,
A Prince whose might shall day by day increase,
A Prince of glory, and a Prince of peace.

IV.

High fame and honour ever shall belong,
To thee, sweet kingdom! in dark ages blest,
And love born thoughts man's peevish mind shall
throng;

To count above, a world of endless rest,
Purchased by him who gave his precious life,
The mortal ransom for the mortal race;
Who stay'd the powers of hell and stygian strife,
And swept the burning brand from nature's face!
High fame and honor ever shall belong
To thee, O land of consecrated song!

V.

But ill-doom'd fame, delightful Palestine!
As the fierce wolf springs on the slumb'ring fold,
Seized thee, alas! The shepherd's words divine
Thou heeded not, his love and care re-sold.
As if to wage contentious war in vain,
Thy people left the safe and narrow way,
Whilst heaven indignant closed thy bloated reign
And cast upon thee, asbestine dismay.
Unhappy land! the fav'rite spot of God,
To share his kindness, to deserve his rod.

VI.

Pregnant with beauty, smiling sphere of man,
Who in thee found his Saviour, Priest, and King;
Where the great Judge his course of love began,
And fix'd a lay no mortal voice can sing.
Had I a harp of clear celestial strain,
A lyre well tuned to songs of praise and love,
I then might tell his passion and his pain,
In solemn echoes sing the world above;

I then might charm the stony heart of man,
In that high office be no charlatan !

VII.

Or could I pluck a leaf of valued worth,
From that famed garden's celebrated grove;
Or count a straw my treasure from thy birth,
I then would frame the system of my love.
But had I stood, alas! the tempter's prey,
On that high mountain, should I not have said,
All these are mine; no more to God I'll pray,
But bow to thee in life, my guilty head.
Poor puny will; poor weak and fickle man,
To risk eternal woe for this unhappy span.

VIII.

Ye white-robed choirs who chant those lays divine;
Ye seraph bands, ye vast angelic hosts;
Yourselves are ignorant of his great design,
Which feeble man in poor vain glory boasts;
Lift up your hearts, send forth your sounds of praise,
Like one great avalanche of ponderous might;
O hide from earth the glare of Satan's blaze,
And banish Pluto's regions from his sight.
Prepare the time when heaven and earth shall be
Wrapt in the blessing of one destiny!

IX.

Immortal souls, who dwell in realms above,
Plead hard for man's obtained progressive rise,

And with the signet of celestial love,
Seal his glad entry in those sunny skies
Where war is silent; all is peace and joy.
That is the land! the sacred Palestine!
No power rebellious shall his might destroy,
Where all is holy, glorious, just, divine;
Then shall the rebels see 'twas Christ who died,
And gaze upon him whom they crucified!

X.

Then shall their jaunty laugh give way to tears,
With fear and awe their countenances bleach,
And Canaan's darkest crimes of ancient years,
Shall re-appear upon the hearts of each.
He whom they crucified upon the cross,
He whom they spat upon, regardless deeds,
Shall be their judge, and like consuming moss
Upon the fire, or vile contagious weeds,
So shall they burn, and find that lasting woe,
Earned by their wicked actions here below.

XI.

Then holy Simeon with aculeate joy,
Shall Christ the infant, Christ the judge behold!
The song of faith his greatest will employ,
The song of grace his greatest love unfold,
And in the sacred temple of the skies,
Revolving time can bring no scowling age;
For every year is but a shade that flies,

Leaving no mark upon the golden page.
There shall he dwell, by the Messiah blest,
And there partake of every Christian's rest.

XII.

Land of the vineyard! where the holy vine;
Yea, Christ himself sprang from thy fruitful soil.
Alas! like goats unmindful of the wine,
With no compassion for the planter's toil,
They crush'd its fragrance with relentless power;
Possest of jealousy, misguided thought,
Tore it to waste unmindful of each shower,
Auspicious fate in frequent torrents brought.
Land of the vineyard! where the uprooted vine,
Spoke life for man, though death to Pow'r divine.

END OF CANTO I.

CANTO II.

THE RE-BUILDING OF JERUSALEM, ETC.

I.

O graceful Syria ! lighted with the blaze
Of heavenly glory at the birth of time,
Burdened with honours in the darkest days,
When all was gloomy, save thyself, sublime.
O bid thy courts re-echo with the voice,
That brought salvation down to guilty man,
That taught the poorest sinner to rejoice,
And hope for joy beyond this mortal span ;
O graceful clime, O clime supremely blest,
Where Israel's tribes found peace and holy rest.

II.

O land where Joshua, Saviour from on high,
Brought God's devoted people to those vales,
Divided Jordan, left the passage dry,
And Hebrew children thronged thy fragrant dales ;
Where mighty Jericho's high towering walls
Fell at the sounding of the leader's horn,

Thy wondrous change terrestrial glory calls,
When gloomy night gave way to brightening morn,
When Heaven's bright orb of shining glory stood,
Fixed at the bidding of the prophet's word.

III.

Then let us trace thy providential fate
Before proud Alexander great in war,
When Jaddua sought a higher Potentate,
And ruled the conqueror's heart with fear and awe;
When dress'd in white, to Sapha's mount they came,
He threw the glittering scimitar away,
And call'd upon their God's eternal name,
Whilst numbers trembled in their wild dismay,
For Alexander sacrifices made,
In Salem's temple Israel's God obey'd.

IV.

'Twas in thy temple the stern Grecian read
The prophecies of Daniel that foretold
That Persia's King should bow his lofty head,
His realms by bloody traffic soon be sold.
When more than courage flush'd his haughty brow,
His heathen heart rejoiced to know a God
Resides above, he took the solemn vow,
And bowed no longer to the Demigod;
Feeling his fallen nature as a man,
His greatest conquest on thy site began.

V.

For man may conquer fellow man and bring
Destruction to the thousands of his prey,
May plunge amongst earth's mighty crowds the sting
Of Satan's pride, spread far around dismay;
Yea, he may conquer kingdoms and preside
O'er empires, fates, and rule the world without,
Then but the subject of tyrannicide,
While o'er his fall shall rise the joyful shout.
Victories are worthless, prizes worse than trash,
The battle's glory but a fading flash.

VI.

O Eastern Queen! soon, soon thy rising be,
When Heaven again shall cast its gracious smile
Upon thy fate, devoted country,
Purged from thy former sinfulness and guile;
Arise! arise! put shining garments on,
Deck on thy radiant pearls of blissfulness
And mount again thy vast imperious throne,
Disperse abroad thy rays of love and peace;
From every corner call thy children forth
To build again their temple on the earth.

VII.

And then Jerusalem shall live again,
To be the favour'd spot of genial love;
Again, fair Palestina, thou shalt reign!
The antepast of greater joys above;

For He shall call thy people by their names,
And they shall know it is their Saviour's voice;
Their towers shall stand till earth's consuming flames
Shall rage, and Israel's people shall rejoice,
To find at last the land of promised bliss,
The land of joy, of love, and happiness.

VIII.

Soon be the breaking of the 'ventful morn,
When nations shall forget the art of war;
When that celestial star illumes the dawn,
And scatters its rays of brilliancy afar;
When kings no more shall gird their armour on,
Tyrants no longer seek the gory field,
Plunged in the depths of dark oblivion,
The deadly dagger and the massive shield;
When every vale re-echoes with the word,
Come let us seek the mountain of the Lord.

IX.

When thou, bright country, 'neath thy sunny sky,
Shall in the latter days of man be glad,
Thy gates again shall lift their heads on high,
In righteous ways thy children shall be clad;
Then shall thy people sing that glorious song,
And swell their chorus of terrestrial lays,
Thy mercy seat the cheerful host shall throng,
To bless with worshipping thy courts of praise.
Then as a virgin decked with fairest flowers,
So thou shalt reign amidst thy vestal bowers.

X.

Soon be the latter days when sin shall die,
When righteous thoughts shall rule man's erring mind,
Our puny will the powers of hell defy,
No more the devil's dark temptations find.
Soon be that gracious dawn of heavenly light
When earth shall know the ways of guilt no more,
When He shall spread the garment of his might,
As watery seas that roll from shore to shore;
So be the vast expansion of his power
Till hurrying time doth bring the woeful hour.

XI.

Woeful I say, why there need be no woe!
Why did he die upon the accursed tree?
Why did he suffer in this land below?
Or be the subject of such misery?
Was it for devils? no! but 'twas for man!
Man was the object of his pleading love,
When heavenly heralds to the earth's corners ran,
Crying rejoice! a throne's prepared above,
A throne of light, a throne of radiancy,
Lasting for ever, unto the eternal day.

XII.

Then for a time, farewell! O land, farewell!
May Abdul's pow'r receive its dying blow,
No longer may the Koran weave its spell
Of gloomy tenets in their hearts of woe;

May holy temples grace thy sites again,
And lofty towers, their shadows throw around,
And Salem's people yet shall God's remain,
His throne again shall grace that sacred ground;
Whilst Heaven shall smile and all the world shall sing
Their glorious praises to fair Canaan's King.

END OF CANTO II.

CANTO III.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

I.

Behold, ye people! and give ear ye climes,
A dark assassin stood preferred to God!
While countless stripes he bore who wrought no crimes,
Weaken'd indeed to sink beneath the load.
A stranger, Simon, bore our Saviour's cross,
Whilst mournful women follow'd bath'd in tears.
He calmly cried, O daughters! not my loss
Need you lament, your fate demands your fears.
Nor in that awful hour did Jesus grieve
But pray'd with might that guilty man might live.

II.

O Salem! Salem! city of sin and woe;
O blood-stain'd mountain, woeful Calvary;
Ungrateful people to your Lord below,
What hope can ye rejoice in fixed on high;
Alas! what punishment would justice speak?
Unto the murderers of our Lord the King.

The love of man compared to his how weak,
Who cried "O Father, in compassion bring
Thy pardoning mercy to the mocking crew,
Father forgive! they know not what they do!"

III.

With monstrous nails they pierc'd his hands and feet,
Numbered with thieves upon the accursed tree;
Whilst jauntily their taunting cries repeat,
Jesus of Nazareth! and light mockery.
Lo! in his lingering torture he denied,
Expiring nature of the balmy draught,
And cast their care equivocal aside,
Still patient, on his life's fast foundering craft.
For self-possession yet his senses claim'd,
While cruel thoughts his murderers' hearts inflam'd.

IV.

Altho' twas noon, behold, no longer day!
The sun itself had fled the mid-day sky,
Whilst guilty crowds dispersed in sad dismay,
Beheld the visitation from on high.
In twain, in twain, the temple's vail was rent,
Whilst loud convulsions seized the trembling earth,
Nature supreme avow'd her discontent,
That He should perish in his land of birth,
Whilst hours elapsed behold continued gloom,
And saints arising burst the opening tomb.

V.

Lo! sinking nature could survive no more,
Eli! Eli! Lama! Sabacthani!
He cried. Behold, the mournful task was o'er,
And he had gone to plead our case on high.
Amazement fill'd the stern centurion's breast,
In truth, he cried, this was the Son of God,
While simple hearts before by grace unblest
Beheld the path of life, before untrod.
Thus shone the love of God for wicked man,
And thus the kingdom of his love began.

VI.

The heaving earth groaned forth a quaking sound,
The shivering rocks apart were quickly rent,
Yet nought but darkness fill'd the scene around,
While souls afraid, their bloody deeds lament.
At last, wore out with agonizing pain,
The crucifixion ended, he was dead;
He who for us, a spotless lamb was slain,
Gave up his spirit and bow'd down his head.
'Twas done, 'twas finish'd, whilst his soul had flown,
To reign in heaven upon his glorious throne.

VII.

Well might the earth be mov'd by sudden force,
And mountains cast into the vales below,
The rolling river quit its usual course,
And nature clothed her varied works in woe;

When He who came to call us to his throne
Of endless joy and never ending bliss,
To save our lives gave up his precious own,
And spilt his blood to buy us lasting peace.
Was ever love like his affection bore
To fallen man, to hell heir'd souls before.

VIII.

Yea! on the borders of the gaping tomb,
A refuge from the dragon he prepared,
Where sinful hearts may yet avert the doom,
And taste those pleasures with the angels shared.
No more, no more need man be lost to sin,
The burden of the Saviour rests so light,
The door is open, all may enter in,
And all be conquerors in the glorious fight.
No more can Satan wage his fitful fray,
Or bear in triumph vanquish'd hosts away.

IX.

Blest, honor'd, praised be his eternal name,
Who op'd the gates of Paradise to man,
Who, by his passion swept our parents shame
Away, 'twas then the love of God began!
'Twas then those heavenly spirits gladly sung
Celestial choruses of thankful grace;
'Twas then those courts of fairest grandeur rung
With joy, lit up by God's illumined face.
Rejoice, rejoice, the hosts of angels cried,
That man shall live, the Son of God hath died.

X.

O, who can tell what happiness is there,
Where all is gladness, no obscuring sky
O'erclouds the scene, no hurricane doth dare
Ravage to waste the plains of sanctity.
No harsh rebellion, no dismantling thought
Enters the mind, uncursed by sin and death.
No power of wrong can harm that work he wrought
That gave to fallen man a second breath.
For when this fleeting life of pain is fled,
His spirit lives, 'tis but the frame that's dead.

XI.

Then may we cry, O Salem, city blest,
Where the great sacrifice for man was made,
Where he prepar'd a calm and holy rest
For our ungrateful souls from pardon strayed;
Where he with filial confidence inspir'd
Our humble breasts, for we his brothers are ;
Our inmost thoughts with constant joy required
To seek those treasures, 'tis our hope to share.
Delightful city, where the blest Son of God
Bought our redemption with his sprinkled blood.

XII.

Fair Queen of splendour, nature's loftiest pride,
Proud Asia's boast, the world resounds thy fame,
While holiest feeling stems the hurtful tide
Of human thought, thou bear'st the foremost claim.

Thyself the theatre where acts sublime,
Performed by them alone the master-piece,
Not acts the prey of overwhelming time,
But they shall live when time itself shall cease;
When this vast orb has fed the furious flame,
Then shall we love and magnify thy name.

END OF CANTO III.

CANTO IV.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

I.

Alas, that sound! what could its meaning be?
When harmless children shrieking left her street;
A loud bewailing cry of misery,
Confus'd the weary watchman on his beat;
While lamentations from her people rose,
As one vast shout from hell's infernal mine;
No hope was there to pacify their woes,
No helping hand, no aid from pow'r divine!
The time had come when she must bow her head,
And crumbling sleep with guilty nations dead.

II.

The horrid cry of widows newly made,
Weeping in vain their sad and sudden loss,
The sounding trumpet and the streaming blade,
Told Death had mark'd the city of the cross,
While famine traced in thin and fragile frames,
Its mournful tale bore out with magic pow'r;

And far above the hot ascending flames,
In wild career destroy'd the cherished tower;
Murder and rapine fill'd her gory ways,
Whilst courts and mansions fed the dreadful blaze.

III.

Woe, woe unto thee! not a stone shall stand,
The prophet cried in truthful prophecy,
Thy scatter'd hosts shall rove through every land,
The children of despair and misery.
Woe! woe, alas! to Salem's godly sound,
Where are thy lofty pillars? Rent in twain!
Where are thy minarets? Fallen to the ground,
But mouldering dust, the rubbish of the plain.
Alas! the mount itself is scarcely known,
Unmarked by graphic indicating stone.

IV.

Where are thy princes? Where thy mighty men?
Thy beauteous women sinful in their charms;
Thy rash centurions, and the denizen,
Unknown to war, unknown to death's alarms.
Where are thy great high priests, terrestrial Queen?
Where the grand censers of thy sweet perfume?
Alas, they're gone! with all thy vast demesne,
Nor yet shall Judah former might resume,
Till the blest time when earthly strife shall cease,
And nation's laws speak but of love and peace.

V.

Where is thy summer glory? and thy might,
Cast down before the pride of haughty Rome.
Lo! darkness seized thy people and the night
Of wildest terrors brought thy ruthless doom.
Again rebellion prey'd upon thy ranks,
Who cast aside the conqueror's rule in vain,
No more the gem of freedom graced thy banks,
No more the flower of peace adorned thy plain.
Troubles had come at last both thick and sad,
And Fate was stormy, Fury wild and mad.

VI.

When the fierce bands of Titus set on fire,
Thy mighty buildings and thy happy homes.
When earthly rage combined with heavenly ire,
Brought quick destruction to thy sightly domes;
When thy free citizens were sold as slaves,
Unhappy men, to be the elect of heaven:
Like as a bark that every danger braves,
Then sinks in sight of the long-wish'd for haven.
So thou who liv'd through years of sore distress,
Perish'd at last in sight of happiness.

VII.

Loud were the echoes of that awful song,
And deep the strain of wildest agony,
While terror seized the half confounded throng,
And death o'ertook them in their infamy.

No tongue can tell those sorrows and no pen
Can write thy mournful sacrilege, no lay
Solemn yet tearful tells thy horrors, when
The King of Kings ordained thy dying day.
When Kedron's stream was stained with human blood,
And life's curst fountains fed the rolling flood.

VIII

Where Omar's mosque doth rise to height sublime,
There stood in pride, in stately grandeur too,
The mighty temple, wrought with gold and time,
But it hath fall'n, few relics meet the view.
O what is man? the wisest man how weak,
His works how poor, how fickle, how confined,
How much his tongue of glorious thoughts may speak,
But yet, alas! leave unconfirmed the mind.
Alas for David's son, who raised the pile,
But food for violence and the trampling file.

IX.

Like as a rose, cut off in some dark shower,
Loses its perfume and returns to nought,
So he return'd from that delightful bower,
No more the sweetness of its fragrance sought.
And he, yea Solomon, the wisest man,
Set God at nought, to idols even pray'd.
In vain his songs of life with love began,
In vain his love to guilty deeds was paid.
Unhappy King, to throw away the love
Of God, for pleasure's after pains to prove.

X.

Behold thy hills! no more may they resound,
The sounds of blood, the sounds of booming war;
No more may chariots rattle o'er thy ground,
Or dismal discord rend the vales afar.
May blushing pastures clothe thy fairy sites,
And harmless flocks feed on thy mountain side,
May powerful love relieve thy best delights,
And heaven adorn thee as a comely bride.
Soon be the morning of thy heavenly birth,
Soon be the coming of the Lord on earth.

XI.

When malice, envy, flees this stony heart,
When sweetest joy shall hold its sweetest sway;
Unhallow'd grace from earthly scenes depart,
The sun of glory shall illume the day.
No fading laurel shall salute the brow
Of the poor monarch! prey of time and fate.
No more the head to mortal splendour bow,
When all shall be enshrined in one blest state.
When He shall count the jewels of his store,
And bless the treasures, yea, for evermore.

XII.

O then sweet city! bright thy reign shall be,
No power shall harm thee in thy latter days,
Thy peopled courts shall echo forth their glee,
Thy glorious temples swell the sounds of praise.

No sword, no dagger, and no fierce alarm
Shalt thou be timorous of, no hasty foe
Shall break upon thee, or thy power disarm,
No evil plot can work thy overthrow.
But thou shalt be alone, alone, Salem,
The heavenly city, New Jerusalem.

END OF CANTO IV.

THE VILLAGE INN.

Altho' Parnassian powers may refuse
Me welcome succour, yet my humble muse
Shall sign her name upon the parchment scroll,
And try to serve the contract of the roll.

'Tis not her lot to sing of Carthage old,
To laud the deeds perform'd by heroes bold;
But let her greet and tap beneath the chin
The various patrons of the Village Inn.
There, there it stood in ought but lonely pride;
A creaking sign, told strangers far and wide,
Suspended from the image of a tree,
The fam'd "Nag's Head" of Jarvey's history;
The suns of centuries had illumed the square,
And countless gales of winter revelled there;
Since its foundation in the earth was laid,
Since first the licence of the Inn was paid;
Like one grand trinity of mason's arts,

THE VILLAGE INN.

Stone, brick, and mud, each held respective parts;
While to compete with these, sublime display
Of windows, glassy, painted black and gray,
Fed up the charms supported by old time,
And glitter'd in their porticos of lime.
Close at the end where village urchins play'd,
A chestnut monarch yielded ample shade;
Beneath whose branches in the summer time,
Old women gossiped till the midnight chime;
Beneath whose form when nights were cold and wet,
Uncurbed to love the rashful lovers met;
Where lame old Tommy smoked away the noon,
And frothing terriers laid from dust and sun.
Too, their enjoined, in common friendship stood
The school, grand cradle of the village brood,
Where red-nosed Wiggins ruled the noisy clang
And cheer'd his heroes on with many a bang;
Whom playful truants met with feeling sore,
To count the deeds perform'd the day before;
Where sulphur'd treacle, health's delightful boon!
Alternate mornings from the beechwood spoon
Doled out by Mrs. Wiggins, fell the prey
Of great and small to drive their ills away;
Some swallow'd all, but some of younger years,
Disdainful met the nauseous task with tears.
The chestnut tree, the school, and market-green,
With straw-thatch'd cots that charm the rural scene;
With widened street few villages could boast,
And mouldering remnants of the drunkard's post,

Bring up my list of objects to be seen,
Around the presence of the Village Inn.

'Tis five o'clock, and John the earliest bird,
Coughing and wheezing, down below, is heard,
He lifts the latch and opes the door once more,
As he hath done for thirty years before;
First in the list the toping blacksmith, Bob,
Appears with sunken cheeks and empty fob;
The first pint drawn he gulps with many a sigh
And takes another, feeling somewhat dry;
A part of which warms John's old crusty core,
Down goes the chalk behind the blacken'd door.
The saintly silence of the comic pair,
Is broken by the cookmaid, Polly Hare;
Her cold salute of chatter turns awry,
Old Billy's face and Bobby's just as sly.
Upon the hearth she lights the blazing fire,
As each avow, her charms they much admire;
But used to flattery's cold deceiving cry,
Their words no sooner break the bud than die;
She sweeps the floor and sets in order quite
The kitchen where such sottish coves delight,
To pour their praises which no more prevail,
Than mis-spent odours on the desert gale;
She cuffs and toils nor heeds their empty jeers
Taught by the long experience of years;
The clock strikes seven, another comrade greets
The great arm-chair, high fam'd among the seats;

Old Dick the fiddler, general of the crew,
Like the tall topster of some avenue;
Or like a great saint 'midst a company
Of lesser saints, of lowlier pedigree,
Maintains the proud position he has won,
By bacchanalian feats so nobly done.
He bawls for Polly, quickly she appears,
With hot new milk to pacify his fears;
She gently clears it of the floating scum,
And mingles with it tiny drops of rum;
The unpretending spirit of a man
Cheers up again he drains the fatal can.
He drinks the contents feeling glad to pay,
For power to brave the battle of the day.
Hark! hark! a footstep's heard, a maid appears,
Blest with the radiant charms of youthful years.
Who is this that supports the cheerful scene?
Why 'tis the waitress of the Village Inn.
With robes well flounced to fashion's liveliest touch,
And handsome cap, she passeth here for much.
'Tis not the want impels them cry for more,
Though horror shrouds the much regretted score,
But 'tis the second pleasure of the mind,
They in her sweet and comely presence find,
And 'tis the sparkling of her winning eye,
Poor wretches dream they do so cheaply buy.

The clean white cloth upon the dresser's laid,
With grateful platter and its load of bread;

While cups and saucers from the china hoard,
Tell plenty reigns benignant at the board.
The well-fed spaniel warms his sleeky sides,
At Polly's coming 'neath the table glides;
Old John is call'd from his domestic toil,
To realms where kettles sing and rashers broil;
Bob the blacksmith now has sought his dome,
And Dick sits sad with brawling wife at home.
So each again their several portions play,
In life's great act they thus commence the day;
While cozy in the neatly furnished bar,
The starched landlady sits with door ajar;
Upon the hearthrug soft the kitten plays,
And gambols in the warm refreshing blaze;
Her breakfast o'er, she smiles again to greet
Her confidential, who betakes the seat.
A fire last night at Farmer Johnson's yard,
With all the items and the great reward;
The death of Mrs Simpson, killed by fright,
Compose the barber's budget with a fight.
Another hour has climbed the steep of time,
And nine o'clock has sounded on the chime;
The busy clattering of the meal is past,
And crackling sticks upon the fire are cast;
Polly, the cook, with sharpness seems to move,
She minds with care what Englishmen approve;
The joint of beef suspended tells the tale,
Where power of wit and words sublime might fail;
Where all the flowery language of a bard

Could not obtain a symptom of regard.
'Tis half-past nine! the sound of Jarvey's horn
Disturbs the silence of the village morn.
The old stage coach comes rattling down the street,
Which honest John delighteth much to meet;
With open smile he takes his place between
The equine members standing on the green,
Until their near relations haunt to make,
The glad exchange their envied portions take;
Nor are the voices of enquirers few,
How's the ostler? Is he well to do?
While coachey takes advantage of the quarter
To warm his inner man with gin and water.
A few good byes, remembrances a score,
With parting kisses, one old lady's roar,
For her dear son, who's gone to plough the main,
Brings short their stoppage at the Village Inn.
They're off! they're off! the cracking whip resounds,
Breaking the trot they fly by sudden bounds,
The village urchins halloo whip behind,
To see one blest by Fortune of their kind.
Down comes the lash which wraps his body round,
Smarting with pain he tumbles on the ground;
But soon resumes his usual state again,
To 'venge the deed that brought his smarting pain;
He wages war with one much less in size,
Old John's remonstrance openly defies.
They meet—like sturdy champions of the ring,
An end to all their grievances to bring;

So minus caps they wage their fitful frays
And meet the conflicts of their youthful days.
But lo! appears a female with a rod,
Who turns the victory of the martial god;
With screaming voice she deals her heavy blows,
Her opposition to such conduct shows;
Whilst Master Tom, her own pugnacious son,
Cries out in vain, 'twas only playful fun;
But she, unmindful of the hopeful's tale,
Conducts him safely to the household jail.

John trudges home to clean old Cal and Joan,
And whilst he wisps them hums in joyful tone;
The task being done upon the oaken board
He finds the best the barrel can afford;
Once more rejoices, feels content within,
To be the ostler at the Village Inn.
'Tis twelve o'clock, a traveller straight from town,
Drives up with Jewish look and dusty gown,
With smiling face John makes his usual bow,
And asks his orders. When? and where? and how?
With pride assumed he strokes the panting steed;
Clothes him in rugs and gives the measur'd feed;
While Jew boy tells the merry tales of yore,
To laughing cook behind the kitchen door;
The hostess hearing some unusual glee,
Appears the reason of the same to see;
With brightening look her patron she espies,
And with the maid in true politeness vies,

He quaffs the flagon of the nut-brown ale,
Then hurries off to make the morning sale,
While every manner, pleasing or sedate,
In him exprest now forms the warm debate;
"O dear," says one, "what shining glossy hair,
What open looks, his ways so kind declare;"
While all agree that ne'er a man before,
So seemly good had patronised the store,
While John is sent all round the town for fish,
This generous man must have an extra dish.
Success attends John's ever anxious toil,
A pike is got for Polly Hare to boil,
While sauce and every extra that should be,
Is made to please their noble company;
A rich beef steak, a pudding choice indeed,
A cheese of cream beneath its layers of reed,
While tarts and cheesecakes and Marsala's wine,
Doth tell how travellers on their journeys dine.

'Tis one o'clock and Homer now returns,
Surprised the hostess of misfortune learns,
To some poor neighbour, who was thought to be,
Hung far beyond the reach of poverty;
While so-and-so is very slow to pay,
And Mr. B. is tipsy every day.
Bold as a lord he threatens some with writs,
To work their downfall or to steel their wits.

The dinner's near and by the sounding chime,

He hears the glad announcement of the time;
With gladdening look beholds the table spread,
Where Princes might be honoured to be fed.
Thoughtless of paying for his handsome treat,
Quite unconcerned he takes his easy seat,
And welcomes warmly what the house supplies,
Thinking what fools they are! himself how wise!
And how the hostess will survive the loss
When he has stripped the reckoning of its gloss.
The wine being drunk and finished his repast,
The sums of cash are in his fancy cast,
As he pretending with his pen to show
The scholar and the business he can do.
'Tis three o'clock, and John at hasty call,
Appears besmear'd with whiting from the wall,
He hears the order and with real delight,
Gladdens to know the guest returns at night;
The snorting steed rejoices and doth race
To leave the well-known token of disgrace;
Safe on the road beneath the summer sun,
The Jew boy laughs about the mischief done,
And lauds his cleverness in guilty ways,
Though every comfort speaks his hostess' praise;
The bad misfortune, lo! is found to be
Wrapped in the changes of the hostelry;
The vacant sheet he held with nervous air,
Letter for so and so to meet him there,
The heavy package of tremendous worth
Is found, alas! composed of stones and earth,

While John with nervous look and grin declares,
His great surprise the disappointment shares.
But whilst they tell the sad and doleful tale,
Conscious how little useless words prevail,
John mounts Brown Bess and starts in hopes to find
The scampish Jew, alas! just like the wind
The mare moves on, while he doth cry in vain,
Hold, hold my lass! across the dusty plain
She gallops hard, unknown to whip and spur,
Unused in anxious seasons to demur,
Whilst John with look of whiteness as the snow
Sits tight and still, as onward she will go.
At every turn and twist the village boys
Thinking a race is run repeat their noise;
As towns succeeding tell the wondrous pace,
Fresh heroes join the martyr of the chase.
A highway robber some do loudly cry,
But still Brown Bess can all their might defy.
Snuffing the breeze she still pursues her course,
While John bawls at last, O stop my horse!
Yes, yes, you villain, cried a threat'ning voice,
No more o'er guilty deeds shall you rejoice.
Minus a hat, John looked both pale and wan,
Nor half so sober as a steady man.
Mile follows mile, at last the market town
Is gained, while Bess seeks out the Golden Crown;
Entering the well-known yard, with onward pride
John sees how wondering they behold him ride;
His mare being fed the jolly landlord meets

His guest and former stable champion greets;
Avows amazement at the Jewish feat,
Tho' laughs to find the swindle so complete,
While John astounded finds the traveller's pai
The selfsame favours where his calls were made,
And with a sigh gives up the weary chase,
Returning homeward at a gentler pace;
Arriving safe, he tells his wondrous tale,
And runs the race again o'er pints of ale,
While his companions state their great surprise,
And sundry plots for Jew boy's good devise.

'Tis five o'clock, the boiling kettle sings,
While for the tray the bell politely rings,
The china service and the burnish'd urn
Declare the housemaid has no art to learn;
As if to grace the board with seemly pride,
A rich sponge cake stands by the platter's side;
The feat of Homer, with the village news,
Retains their fixed attention while it brews.
A bouncing neice has just arrived, to pay
Her yearly visit at her holiday,
And while her aunt with nervous grin deplores
Her grievous loss, the cheering cup she stirs
And laughs unseen, tho' outwardly declares
Her feeling sad for her relation's cares.
The meal half done a noise with might rebounds,
The parish clerk his note of quarrel sounds,
Lo! 'tis accepted by Bill Smith, the wright,

They leave the tap-room for the desp'rate fight,
While all the urchins of the village street,
At the same spot with wondering faces meet;
Some half afraid pronounce against the deed,
While others for a stoppage intercede.
Behold! a silence reigns, each hero stares,
To see his parent and his wrong declares,
With joyful looks they shake their hands again,
And then returning seek the well-known Inn.
'Tis six o'clock, behold fresh scenes appear,
The monster room scarce used from year to year,
Is graced with tables creaking with a feast,
While jovial hearts with jollity increase;
As each full pint of ruby wine appears,
As each good speech brings forth tremendous chee
While they who hear the laurels of the match,
Commend each hit, applaud each lucky catch;
Salute their luckless rivals and declare,
In other contests victory is their share;
But they, unmindful of their sore defeat,
Are full of hope their conquerors yet to beat,
Yet smile to hear bombastic sounds of fame,
Bear up the honours of the victor's claim.
Toast follows toast, each hero's health goes round,
Hour follows hour until the midnight sound
Bears some away while others yet rejoice
To swell the loud hurra with joyful voice.
Lo! one o'clock bespeaks the morning hour,
Each frame remaining tempts the bowler's pow'r,

Till undeceiving they his victims are,
And crimson honours from his contest bear;
Then let us bid adieu to this fair scene
And seek the tap-room of the busy Inn,
Where fiddler Dick is seated full of pride
To hear his brawling partner by his side.
In vain she storms, repeats the hour of night,
Threatens her husband for his shameful plight,
While blacksmith Bob his shoulders wide doth shrug,
With smiling face retakes the fatal mug.
Beneath the table, lo! the clerk asleep,
With cats and dogs his sentry safe doth keep,
While Smith, the wright, unconscious of his wife,
Sings forth his praises of a married life;
While John, the ostler, tells the tale again
Of knavish Jew, in no clear flowing strain.
Guggles and hiccups seize the crew around,
Some rise to go then tumble on the ground.
At last the hour of midnight sounds, they part,
Some rush straight home while others loath to start;
For fear of words they seek some comrades bed,
Have restless nights and rise with aching head.
Such are the pictures of a life of sin,
Such are the curses of each Village Inn.

BOSTON MAY FAIR.

IN OLDEN TIMES.

I TELL of fairs and ancient plays,
The merriment of bygone days,
As o'er the roll of age I pore,
To count the mysteries of yore;
When high St. Botolph held a light,
To guide the mariner at night;
When prisoners trembled in the cell,
To hear the melancholy bell.
But need I horrify my tale,
With murders dark, and spectres pale?
But let my musings represent
The joyful feats of tournament;
Or lead me to the magic scene,
Where, clad in mail or gaberdine,
The bravest knight of chivalry
Made many a fierce opponent flee.
His theme was war, but love his lay,

With pride he bore the dame away;
With pride he paced the lordly hall,
And led her to the stately ball;
While jealous feeling, worst of fires,
Alas! some rival breast inspires.
They call for swords, the swords are here;
The lady shrieks and faints for fear;
The fight begins, the blows resound,
When, lo! defeated, on the ground,
The knight, less lucky tho' as brave,
For love, for love, has found his grave.
But have I reason to relate
The dangers of a lover's fate?
When all the merriment and throng
Of old May Fair demands my song.
'Twas when the rays of Phœbus shone
Serenely on the dial'd stone;
When first the chanticleer declar'd
The morn the country lass prepar'd
Her vestments—yellow, red, and green,
And started for the joyful scene.
Next came the country boy, while glee
Uplit his looks of modesty;
The yeoman, with his buxom wife,
And daughter, dearer than this life,
Next entered with their rolling steed,
Whose sides bespake no scanty feed.
Then came a lady, with her knight
In coat of mail, a man of might;

Pilgrims of more serious nations,
Flock'd to pay their saints' devotions.
Next came the jesters, full of words,
Gay with their basket-hilted swords,
With scarce less wit than fools have now,
Who at Fabula's footstool bow.
Fools must be wise, I've heard them plead,
But wise men fools, how few indeed;
When through our wit a living's made,
No longer 'tis a gift, but trade;
And if a trade, why then the rule
Is on the card:—John Smith, a fool,
Tell me a wise man would do so,
Or be a fool by trade—no, no!
While merry-andrews thronged the way,
With showmen and their fine display.
The day is fine; the clock strikes one;
The town's alive, the fair's begun;
Nature wears her fairest smile,
Pleasures all their thoughts beguile.
The chatting vintner serves his wine,
To nut-brown maids, with smiles divine;
Nor deems it once a sin to take
The double charge without mistake.
'Tis paid for, who would not despise
A grumbler in his fair one's eyes?
Nor was the embroiderer's display
By much the poorest of the day:
Dresses for all, of every style,

And spangled armlets, pile on pile,
Glitter'd like diamonds in the sun,
The gems by which most hearts are won!
While eloquence itself combined,
Supremely charm'd the rural mind.
Each gallant bumpkin bought some ware,
A present for his lady fair;
Whilst next a jeweller held forth,
In words of praise his wond'rous worth:—
A trinket for your maiden fair!
Or locket for your sweetheart's hair!
A chain, her portrait to suspend;
Or ring, a present for a friend;
With chaplets, rosaries, jewell'd crosses,
Cures for lover's grievous losses;
Thus the rival trades displayed
Their booths, in magic style arrayed.
While next a Fletcher held his stall,
Perhaps more crowded than them all:
No opposition did he fear,
From Smith or modern armourer;
Like Cupid he supplied them bows (beaus),
Or arrows for their num'rous foes;
Or darts that might as fatal prove
As e'er the cruel shafts of love.
Nor did the Sheffield cutler's stall,
Though not the finest of them all,
Go without its constant share
Of patrons of the useful ware.

Knives the higher classes bought,
Whittles country heroes sought;
Swords the yeoman's wants supplied,
For height of fashionable pride;
While daggers, glittering, fed the flame
Of love for deeds of martial fame.
Next stood a girl, pellucid, chaste,
With sundry sweets, who bid them taste;
While they, admiring more her charms
Than sugar'd dainties, stand in swarms;
Each views her with suppressed delight,
All eager to be most polite.
One more attentive than the rest,
Pronounces all her actions blest;
And frowning, threatens those who dare
To praise her eyes or auburn hair,
With his broad sword—he burns to fight,
For beauty and for sacred right.
But, lo! another rival's seen!
With confidence he takes the scene:
His action and familiar wile
Bring forth at once sweet Peggy's smile;
The first great chief of woman's love
Wishes himself in worlds above.
Whilst bawling crowds yell forth their joy,
And greet the frolic of the boy,*
Disheartened and confused he flies,
To seek for love in other eyes;

* Cupid.

Although enamoured of her sight,
With gladness now he quits the site.
Still the boys' uproarious guard
Deals out the cavalier's reward.
In vain with threats he meets the train,
They flee, and then return again;
Till the poor countryman forlorn,
By flight escapes pursuing scorn.
Next stood a noisy Holland quack,
With seedy robes and sandarak;
With various nostrums, wet and dry,
Of Esculapian mystery;
With worms of forty legs or more,
And skulls from Mr. Sexton's store;
With coloured mixtures, red and green,
And cures for disorder'd spleen—
The dire disease, whose cruel power
Eats away the fairest flower,
Dies, submissive at his will,
Health follows his reviving pill.
The fever, with its horrid glare,
Is levell'd by his physic rare.
The lame their crutches hurl away,
And join the dances of the day.
Though but the remnant of a face,
He gives a phiz a youthful grace.
The blind no more in darkness stray,
But view all nature with dismay.
The nose before a perfect fright,

He renders comely to the sight.
All cutaneous spots depart,
Outrivall'd by his magic art.
But list, no practice he can claim,
On theory rests his tottering fame.
In vain he laughs and spends his wit,
In phrases more sublime than fit;
While harlequin and pudding Jack
The notice of the people take;
Their comic tricks demand surprise
Much more unbounded than his lies.
At last, enraged with their success,
He makes the common crowd one less,
Grieving no chance had he to be
Physician to their company,
Knowing too well they'd play no more,
Dosed by a portion from his store.
Then stood a man of wide renown,
With charms, the wonder of the town;
With instruments of magic art
That faltered the sincerest heart.
Lovers were hovering thick around,
Listening to the enchanted sound
Of the bell he tolled before.
Through the fatal tube was bore
The edict of the conjuror's skill,
The happier the more suitable;
While spirits his divinings seal,
No mortal power his tricks reveal.

Lo! with astounded looks they gaze;
With wonder hear how many days
Have yet to roll, before the God
Of marriage yields his graceful nod.
They who are luckless in the spring
Of life no lover's plaint to sing,
Now learn the hour will come when they
Shall meet with suitors rich and gay.
To every pair, the number true,
He tells of laughing children due;
And more than that, how many boys,
How many girls shall form their joys;
Whether in sorrow or content
The marriage life is to be spent;
How long each partner shall be blest
With life, the sum of each bequest;
And of the fortune that shall come,
With full description of their home;
So foolish hearts, unswayed by fear,
Each word of sapient trickery hear;
Unknown to fortune's envious lot,
No words could each impression blot;
Stamp'd on their minds, the worst estate
Proves but his oracles of fate.
There stood beside this artful man,
A friar, who through thick volumes ran,
Praising the actions of the Pope,
Condemning worlds without a hope.
Wickliffe he called the basest man,

The leader of a sinful clan;
Dooming them all to lasting flames,
Where misery's voice no pity claims.
Few of the crowd admired his theme,
Fewer correct his judgment deem.
Ah! what's that sound of music sweet?
Soon do they hear the tramping feet;
Fair Rosaline has op'd the ball,
Cried welcome to her father's hall;
The sweet guitar resounds with love,
While portly monks with quickness move.
Earls and knights join in the glee,
And ladies seek the revelry;
They trip to tunes of festive mirth,
Nor heed the morning's early birth.
The wine and sack goes round and round,
Whilst heroes tumble on the ground;
Even the friars themselves forget
The orders of bright etiquette;
Till the eventful dawn of day,
When lords and ladies haste away;
Shining is the radiant sun,
And the fair's delights are done.

PATRIOTIC POEMS.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL home! with all thy treasures,
All thy scenes I love so well;
I must quit to share the perils,
Of a soldier's life, farewell!
But reflections e'er shall haunt me,
And kind memory me remind,
Of thy joys and heartfelt pleasures;
When I've left them far behind.

Farewell friends! for I must leave you,
To support the martial God;
If I die in foreign regions,
If I sleep beneath the sod;
Though to all on earth forgotten,
There is one above the skies,
Who observeth and recordeth,
Even when a soldier dies!

Far across the stormy billows,
  Where Fate summons to the scene;
I will haste to purchase freedom,
  For my country and my Queen.
If victorious and triumphant,
  I will wear the conqueror's wreath;
But if vanquish'd in the battle,
  Gladly die the soldier's death.

Farewell Britain! native island,
  All ye hills of smiling bliss;
All ye rolling streams of beauty,
  And ye towns of life and peace;
All ye cities of enchantment,
  And ye rustic dales as well;
With my own devoted hamlet,
  I must bid you all, Farewell.

THE WATCHWORD OF BRITAIN.

SAY not there's blood in Britain's cry,
  Or battle in her word,
She doth not haste, or willingly,
  Will she unsheath the sword.

Her mighty watchword is not war,
  To bid her glory cease,
She wishes not to mount the car
  Of Mars, but live in peace.

Though mighty armies throng the vale,
  And stain the Alps with gore,
Her simple word, may it prevail,
  Is peace for evermore.

Though Italy's clear sky is red,
  With blood her fairy plain
Strew'd thickly with the noble dead,
  Of various nations slain.

Though France upholds her iron shield
  The struggle to defy;
Though Austrian legions seek the field
  For death or victory.

The simple watchword of our isle,
  Of Church and Queen and state,
Is that the King of Kings may smile,
  And bless Britannia's fate.

TO THE RIFLEMEN.

Written to commemorate the embodiment of Rifle Corps, in the year 1859, throughout Great Britain.

Come forth, ye willing Volunteers ; support old England's
claim,
And tell the world you have not lost your father's share of
fame.
Show that you fear not shield nor sword, nor any foreign
band,
But hold your right hand ever rife to guard your native
land,
Come forth, come forth, ye Riflemen, and sing the song of
glee,
The song that hostile nations fear,
"Britannia rules the Sea!"

Tho' rough and stormy be the night, when clouds conceal
the ray
Of peace, or of the world's repose, await the opening day,
As in the times of ancient yore, our guns triumphant were,
With stout heart bear the rifle, boys, there's nothing left to
fear.

Come forth, come forth, ye Riflemen, and sing the song of glee,
The song that hostile nations fear,
"Britannia rules the Sea!"

If in your camp a puny will usurps the British crown,
Oh! let his fate a warning be, true Britons cast him down.
And let no flower of other soil be suffered there to bloom,
But let it have a traitor's fate, and share a traitor's doom.
Come forth, come forth, ye Riflemen, and sing the song of glee,
The song that hostile nations fear,
"Britannia rules the Sea!"

Let him who fills a mighty throne, and holds the key of Rome,
Know that his time is measured out, and his last hour is come,
Soon as he strikes his carrion flag across the channel main,
Britannia's humbled it before, and will do so again.
Come forth, come forth, ye Riflemen, and sing the song of glee,
The song that hostile nations fear,
"Britannia rules the Sea!"

Then British Riflemen, I say, the word is but "I will;"
Our island's lost no laurel yet, but reigns triumphant still.
Let despots frown, we heed them not, we keep the world at bay;

But let us still be fixed, and firm, and we shall win the day.
Come forth, come forth, ye Riflemen, and sing the song of glee,
The song that hostile nations fear,
"Britannia rules the Sea!"

Oh! may our country's just appeal be welcomed in delight;
May heroes tack the buckler on, and wage the glorious fight.
Who would not fight for an English home, a wife, a fireside,
For the honor of our sea-girt isle, and half the world beside.
Come forth, come forth, ye Riflemen, and sing the song of glee,
The song that hostile nations fear,
"Britannia rules the Sea!"

TO THE PATRIOTS OF BRITAIN.

Hear ye Patriots of our island,
Loud the distant thunders roll;
While the vivid flames of warfare
Light the earth from pole to pole.
Heroes hasten to the scene,
Victory shall be yours again,
If ye fight,
In earnest might,
For island, home, and Queen.

Fear not illustrious Patriots,
The glorious time's at hand;
The flame that burneth in each breast,
The weapon in each hand,
Shall bear you ardent to the scene;
When Britain summons you again
To slay the foe,
Or downward go,
For island, home, and Queen.

Your flags shall wave triumphant
Throughout the famous fight;
The roaring of your Lion
Shall put the birds* to flight;
Yea! on the borders of the Seine
Afric's monarch fierce shall reign,
And cast down,
With haughty frown,
The Gallic leader's train.

Arise! arise! then Patriots,
Britannia's noblest crew,
For blooming laurels blush to grace
Another Waterloo;
Your dazzling legions that have been
Victorious, shall again
Conquer all,
Or conquer'd fall
Upon the battle plain.

* French Eagles.

A fray that ne'er the world beheld,
Terrific and severe,
May come to pass, but thankful be,
It is a sacred war!
'Tis for our landmarks, Englishmen,
And Britons seek the scene:
Patriots wield
The martial shield,
For island, home, and Queen.

Rejoice! then noble champions,
Your country's die is cast;
Tho' empires totter to the base,
May it for ever last.
While foremost on the stormy main,
And in the camp it long hath been,
E'er may God,
With righteous rod,
Save our island, bless our Queen.

YE WARRIORS OF BRITAIN.

A MILITARY ODE.

Ye Warriors of Britain,
  Now tempests cloud the day,
Your country seeks your aid again
  To fight her noble way;
Your mighty cannon charge again—
  Bid them terrific sound,—
And rush to the charge,
  When the grape flies thick around,
When the furious battle rages fierce,
And the grape flies thick around.

The courage of your fathers
  Shall light your lamps of fame,
And crown you with the honours true
  Of Great Britannia's name;
Ye, with your bright Commander,
  Rise at the trumpet's sound,
Your loyal rights defend,
  When the grape flies thick around,

When the furious battle rages fierce,
And the grape flies thick around.

O tell the rebel Hindoo,
Your flags you'd sooner wave
In peace, than take away his life,
And trample on his grave;
But tell him to beware,
When he hears the battle sound,
If he fights against you
When the grape flies thick around,
When the furious battle rages fierce,
And the grape flies thick around.

But O, ye famous warriors,
Though still the camp-fires burn,
The troubled night shall yet depart,
A brighter day return.
A bumper to Sir Colin's health
Shall pass the circle round.
All hail, that peaceful day
When no grape flies thick around,
When the rage of the battle hath died away,
And no grape flies thick around.

THE STORMS OF FATE.

HARK! the storms of fate are howling;
  Angry tempests veil the skies;
Loud the cruel gales are growling,
  Darken'd horrors thickly rise.
Sounds of warfare! sounds of bloodshed!
  From the flurried nations cry;
Peasants leave their homes deserted,
  Haste to fight for life or die.

In the alpine vale thick legions,
  Warriors seek the gory field;
Gloom broods o'er the sunlit regions,
  Dismal fates their terrors wield.
But may Britain, envied Britain,
  Ever keep from quarrels free;
E'er may peaceful rays alight on
  Our dear island in the sea.

Let them who such deeds delight in,
  Wage the struggles of the plain;
May the lion keep from fighting,
  Sheath his mighty paw again.

May no sound of bugles rattle
  Through the hamlets of our state;
May no maiden fear the battle,
  Grieving for her lover's fate.

May the symbols of our island
  Be the songs of liberty;
May the blushing rose of England
  Never hang its head and die.
But may brighter suns of glory
  Shed their rays of light serene;
Gild the page of Britain's story,
  Bless her people and her Queen.

OUR NATIVE ISLE.

Dear is our Isle, our Native Isle,
  Where battled tower and moated gate
Are objects only for the spoil
  Of hoary age to decorate.
Oh! we may gladly all rejoice,
  Who dwell on Britain's favour'd ground,
Where freedom bids the welcome voice
  Of peace in happiness resound.

No haughty tyrant fills our throne,
  Or sways the sceptre of our land;
But love and liberty alone
  On every side go hand in hand:
May Heaven guide our gracious Queen,
  And teach her long to rule aright;
O may, whilst on life's chequered scene,
  Her people serve her with delight.

Abroad we have no foes to fear;
  Though despots frown we heed them not,
For concord reigns triumphant here,
  Alike in palace and in cot.
Enlivening sound of magic fire,
  How sweet to hear the cheerful strain
That issues from thy golden lyre,
  As Orpheus strikes its cords again!

Delightful land! O happy Isle!
  I like no other clime as thee;
Though treasures great may tempt and smile,
  Lost is their every charm to me.
Home of my Fathers! nation blest!
  While happy generations lie
Beneath thy turf, in silent rest,
  So in thee may I live and die.

THE HOME OF MY FATHERS.

THOUGH life's many changes set me far apart
From the joys of my childhood, the scenes of my youth,
They never can alter the love of my heart,
That records my earliest actions in truth.
Though tempests of this world continually wage
Their volleys of strife and cause me to regret,
They never can blot from kind memory's page :—
Oh, the home of my fathers I ne'er can forget!

Though far from the bounds of my nation I roam,
If I travel the kingdoms far over the sea,
That bright shining star that illumines my home
Still throws the fair light of its rays over me.
O lamp of the universe! bright little star!
The roll of thy glory remains yet unfurl'd,
The sound of thy coming ariseth afar,
O gem of my fatherland! guide of the world!

In the climes of the north, in the seas of the west,
In the tent of the Arab, where freedom gives birth
To the smile of content, there lieth at rest
The counsel of Britain, the pride of the earth.
To me she is dearest; who think well may roam,
And cross the broad ocean their fortunes to get,
But in her is my temple of love and my home,
Oh, the land of my fathers I never will quit!

TO THE MEN OF KESTEVEN.

MEN of Kesteven! dinna ye hear?
Long has Britannia been calling for you,
To drive from her bosom a pang of despair,
'Tis now both your honour and duty to do!
Volunteers hasten, obey her loud summons,
To fight for the land that is dearest and best,
Fear not the clash of arms!
Or the foe's fierce alarms,
England shall lay the invader at rest.

Men of Kesteven! cast away fear,
Gladly obey her imperious call,
Tumults are rising aloft in the air,
Across the salt wave in the land of the Gaul.
Volunteers rush to the glorious warfare;
Joyfully meet in the service of Mars,
Fear not the rattle,
For sacred's the battle,
When virtue, not pillage, abetteth the wars.

Men of Kesteven! dinna ye know,
From mountain to mountain a restless bird*

* French Eagle.

Flieth he knoweth not where he should go,
To ravage the sheepfold, or slaughter the herd,
Volunteers ne'er on the soil of our island,
Suffer the demon of blood to alight,
Kesteven, Kesteven,
Bring out your mighty men,
Bring out your phalanx equipp'd for the fight.

Come from the hamlet, village and glen,
Holland has enter'd the list of the brave,
Ne'er let it be utter'd the clans of the fen,
Were foremost the honour of Britain to save,
Fear not the struggle, a triumph awaits you,
The blood of no Briton shall sprinkle the plain,
But thousands shall yield,
And not one leave the field
Of slaughter, to visit his nation again.

Gallant young striplings, if ye've any love,
For Britain the famous old King of the sea,
Leave second class love, your adhesion to prove,
What maiden will murmur such conduct to see?
Hasten! be ready! Britannia is calling,
Each hand that is willing, each heart that is glad,
If ye do not obey,
Mark there will be a day,
Maids will be weeping and you will be sad.

Men of Kesteven! what is your will?
Will you be bondsmen, or will you be free?
Will you submit the vineyard to till
Of Pharoah, a despot, who longeth to be
In the eyes of creation, a saviour and saint.
No! No! whilst a Briton with hand on his heart,
Can say all the earth,
But the land of my birth,
May be his, but with that, No! I never will part!

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEER.

Old Gaul may sing her songs again,
And in her joy unite
With Spain, who tun'st her fam'd guitar
To strains of music light.
Tyrants upon their tottering thrones
May threaten us with fear,
But all their might finds satire in
A British Volunteer.

In vain they count their legions strong
And sing their conquering themes,

When they are only victors in
There short and empty dreams.
Van Tromp may bring his broom again
To sweep the waters clear,
But he'll find a hot reception in
The British Volunteer.

Sultans and Czars may count their climes,
Their wealth is envied not,
For still content triumphant reigns
On Albion's favour'd spot.
Nor shall Napoleon ever live,
His ruthless flag to bear,
In bold defiance of the Queen
That boasts a Volunteer.

Come then, O free born Englishmen,
And pledge your vows with mine;
Mingle with me your feelings blest,
Your thoughts that are divine.
For native isle and fatherland,
With one accord sincere,
Remain, be each in heart and hand,
A British Volunteer.

TO THE DEAR OLD ISLE OF LIBERTY.

To the dear old isle of liberty,
From the dark and crimson'd skies,
Of other lands came forth a cry,
Britons! arise! arise!
Forward to prove that love ye own,
Britannia's Riflemen.
For her who wears your nation's crown,
Rejoice and sing again
That old familiar strain,
O God defend our island hom
And save our gracious Queen.

From the dear old isle of liberty
A mighty voice went forth,
Hurrah! Britannia yet is free,
That rous'd the slumbering earth.
Britannia's chiefs brought forth their bands
Of noble Riflemen,
And thousands gather'd round her flag,
To sing that dear old strain,
That old familiar strain,
O God defend our island home
And save our gracious Queen.

A PATRIOTIC ODE.

Addressed to Old England and dedicated to my countrymen.

I.

Hurrah! hurrah Old England! blest is thy present age,
In vain despotic minds award destruction to its page,
In vain thy guilty foes rehearse thy downfall in their lay,
Thy page is golden and thy might shall never see decay.
Hurrah! hurrah! Young England the crimson fluid reigns,
That's borne thy parent through the past within thy youthful veins,
The blood, the blood of freeborn streams flows from this heart of thine,
The blood that's taught the world to bow before thy native shrine.

II.

Hurrah! for matchless deeds of yore, Old England thou may'st sing,
And sound thy golden harp again that sans a mournful string,
With cheering recollections tell the gallant victories wrought
By Nelson on the briny seas, how nobly Rodney fought!
Then take thy son upon thy knee, instil his infant mind
With those great truths important notes thy fathers left behind.

War's not the glory of our race, nor victory our delight,
But time hath told a thousand times how Englishmen can fight.

III.

O that the powerful King of Death a moment could release
A private from his ghastly ranks and bid his slumber cease;
Methinks I see the iron Duke with wondering eyes behold
Thy Volunteers, thank God, and sink again into the mould.
But if another son of Mars could throw her shroud away,
And see Old Britain's face again I guess what he would say!
With frowning consequential grin, O heaven thou rulest wrong,
With heaving breast of inward pain re-seek the solemn throng.

IV.

Hurrah! old country of my love, my dear and foster'd clime,
I must declare thou stand'st alone unhurt by tide or time.
Though seasons turn in rapid pace and years roll onward fast,
Thy glory brightens with their march, thy fame shall ever last,
Yea, till the hour, the hour doth come, that awful time to pass,
When heaven, and earth, and sea, and sky, commingle in one mass.
Thy name shall well respected be and all the world shall smile,
To count upon thy virtues rare, O, sacred freeborn isle!

V.

Hurrah! hurrah Old England! thy guiding star is bright,
No cloud of fulsome vapour veils its ray of dazzling light,
Thy chanticleer of coming bliss proclaims unto the earth,
O nations sheath your glittering swords, deck on your robes of mirth.
Celestial fates have yielded up all honor to the brave,
And martial fame hath found at last its near approaching grave;
No laurels shall the victors wear of fields triumphant won,
By battle axe or deadly lance or by the booming gun.

VI.

Hurrah! hurrah Old England! no factious motives deign
To interrupt thy laws serene or mar thy Sovereign's reign,
No harsh discordant cries of grief sound through thy sunny skies,
No symptom of a traitor's heart from thy thick ranks arise.
O peaceful island, fragrant spot where happiness hath built
Her habitation, where the blood of sacrifices spilt,
Hath purchased thee our birthright blest, our duty is to brave
The sufferings of a martyr band, thy ancient rights to save.

VII.

Hurrah Old England! long may He all righteous and all good
Preserve thee from the dangers of a democratic flood,
Long may the institution of thy greatness and thy pride
Be shelter'd from its wanton waves, its havoc making tide.

Long may our gracious Lady sway the sceptre of thy state,
May all usurpers to her crown receive their well earn'd
fate,
May she dispense to subjects all the precepts of her love
Until the time arrives when she is called to rule above.

VIII.

Hurrah! hurrah Old England! thy glory yet is green,
Love rules the instinct of thy throng and guides thy gracious
Queen,
No trophies dost thou wish to bear from plains of dust and
gore,
No foreign monarch to ordain a pris'ner on thy shore,
And God forbid that foreign kings shall once regard thy
might,
Offensive to their interests or hurtful to their right;
Proclaim to all thy voice is love, thy only will is peace,
Till heaven shall bid the season dawn, when war and strife
shall cease.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE BIRTH OF BURNS,

THE CALEDONIAN BARD.

Written for the Festival held January 25th, 1859, by the Honourable Crystal Palace Company, at Sydenham, being the Centenary of his birth.

Lo! duty blest, the soul of Britain fires,
While love sincere her high-born muse inspires,
For Time hath brought kind Mem'ry on his wing,
And years have wrought the oracles we sing.
The day has come when Caledonia's pile
Of high Parnassus from the sea-girt isle
Deserves a line, a highly worthy line,
To grace the tablet of her minstrel's shrine.
O, ye who dwell on Albion's favour'd shore,
Attune your lyres, and play his praises o'er.
Ye poets, laud his memory, ever dear,
Whose tomb recalls a universal tear.

Ye British bards, respect his honour'd name;
From dark oblivion now restore his fame;
For, mark, 'twas not upon the dazzling throne—
A prince—Minerva claim'd her fav'rite son;
'Twas not a chief who ruled a martial train,
Or bright commander of the watery main;
But in the humble service of the plough
She found her champion, there around him threw
Her graceful robe; to him the guiding rein
She gave to lead the chariots of her train.
Unknown to fame, a simple rustic swain,
And, as a fiery comet of the night
Rolls on with train of vast illumined light,
Though first a speck upon the sky appears,
Around the world its wondrous circuit steers—
So he arose; and, as a flickering spark
Throws forth a light when all around is dark,
But kindles gently to a brilliant flare,
With dazzling flame illumes the midnight air—
He gather'd light: at length his glorious ray
Turn'd Scotland's night of sable reign to day.
'Tis with regret, O worthy bard, we see
Ourselves unfit to rightly honour thee,
Who bless'd the scroll with magic arts profound,
While envying nations cast their eyes around.
Thy name, O Burns! while worthy memories steer
The poet's pen to mark a bright career,
While through the skies majestic planets roll,
While Hope's blest spirit cheers the pensive soul—

Shall live a guide; while Time's vast work is o'er,
Admiring kingdoms shall thy name adore.
Long o'er thy loss will grateful Scotland weep,
And England cast her blessings on thy sleep;
Yea, on this day Hibernia strikes the string,
Thy glorious acts her children nobly sing;
While Clio o'er the universe shall wield
Her mystic rod—thou art her chosen shield.
Now thou hast fled these earthly courts, while we,
Like as the moon, with borrow'd light, from thee
Derive our beam of wit. O, could thy pen
Rush in my rhyme and gild my humble strain,
Then would I match the noble prince of lay,
Nor fear the laureate, or the great Mackay,
But win the palm of Helicon to-day.

Well may Old England dance in seemly joy,
And laugh in mirth to think the Highland boy
First saw the light where her imperial wand
Resides in peace and owns beloved command.
Well may she gladden at the glorious sight,
And sweep her lyre in tunes of gay delight,
To count the gem of Caledonia's shore
Amongst her jewels. Yea, for evermore
We will uphold the myth of Shanter's tale,
While pilgrims swarm the vast Parnassian vale;
While loving thought, or Hornie's ode divine,
Shall live avow'd or yet be called to min',
We'll pledge a cup of kindness dear
To auld lang syne.

Though Scotland's warriors long remember'd be,
Though Bruce and Wallace crown'd her history,
And graced the standard of her martial fame,
Their glory fades, few relics tell their claim;
Their mighty shields, the swords they dipp'd in blood,
Are eaten up, while in Time's rolling flood
Their memories sink: though each as Hector brave,
Few are the tears shed on the conqueror's grave;
Yet there dwelt one in Scotland's bonnie isle,
Unknown, unheard of in his quaintly style;
A highland swain, who own'd Apollo's might,
Clothed fair Olympus in a robe of light;
He placed his country in the foremost line
Of earth's inspired; bid her for ever shine
While her famed mountains raise their snowy heads,
While her smooth lochs flow o'er romantic beds,
While merry maidens through her valleys stray,
While ivy weaves its tendrils on the spray,
So long the song of auld acquaintance, dear
To Burns, shall rise in tuneful accents clear;
So long her bards shall swell the glorious strain,
Revive his laurels as the summer rain;
So long her nymphs shall strike the magic string,
And tune their hearts his godly acts to sing.
O, may the portals of the heavens move,
Receive his spirit in the realms of love.

Remember well this festive day doth bring
A century's burden on Time's fiery wing;

To-day one hundred years desert the stage,
And quit the era of the fleeting age,
Since Burns appear'd amongst the dust of earth,
Since Fate devised the hour of his birth,
Since hearts were gladden'd in the rustic dome;
When Fortune smiled upon the Highland home,
She blest her smile in Heaven's familiar strain,
And lit her torch on Ayrshire's frozen plain;
She built her temple by the bonnie Doon,
Whose waters slept beneath the wintry moon.
'Twas night when Nannie and the witches danced—
For joy around their boiling cauldrons pranced;
Quick on their shafts they flew across the air,
And fill'd the sky with one infernal glare;
When wraiths and goblins lined the fearful way,
And spirits throng'd the kirk of Alloway;
That night a meteor cleft the midnight air,
Of brighter cast than Etna's fearful glare.
'Twas then the herald of auspicious love
Alighted in the Caledonian grove.
She says, "Let me the Muses' sweets distil;
I'll plant a vineyard on the barren hill."
As thus she spoke her noble act was done;
Euterpe gloried in her infant son!

Ye great adorers of departed fame,
Who merit Cicero's phrase, or Pliny's name;
Ye who in raptured fancy all admire
The pen of Homer or the Theban lyre,

Gird up your ardour; now, I say, adore
And laud the ploughboy of your neighbouring shore,
Whom Heaven hath tuned amid the speechless throng,
Whom Nature gave sincerity of song.
O! wonder not; behold, his living charms
Shall long survive the fate of Scotia's arms!

Yes! in that glorious cause, for ever strong,
The name of Burns shall form the poet's song;
Though Time's vast currents swell and roll away,
Shall still survive, and suffer no decay.
May England e'er on his remembrance dwell,
Delight the world his noble worth to tell.

O, may the flambeau of terrestrial flame
This day uplight the Scottish minstrel's name.
Children of Albion, join the festive throng—
Yea, all unite and swell the glorious song.
We meet not here to laud a tyrant's reign,
But tune our efforts to a brighter strain;
We meet not here to praise the glorious dead,
Who in the contests of their country bled,
But here behold fair England's chosen few
The path of virtue in its course pursue.
This day the temples of the Muse shall quake,
This day the forum of Diana shake.
May Heaven regard each poet's humble rhyme
A noble effort, and the world sublime.

Rejoice, ye sons of Britain, now rejoice
That Sydenham echoes forth Concordia's voice ;
Rejoice, I say, that Science holds a court
Amid her bowers, and Art a fair resort;
Record this day upon your queendom's page
A blest occurrence on the roll of age.
Mark well the time when Burns upheld the strain
Of British Muses in their wond'rous train ;
Remember well the patriots who have wrought
This kind memorial—have the nations taught
That Shakespeare ne'er beneath Victoria's sway
Shall die a slave, or Milton sing away
Forgotten ; but while love retains the lead,
While Science weaves a wreath around her head,
So long shall gratitude demand a tear,
The dying laurels of her dead to cheer.
Such is our purpose on this festive time,
Such the frail whisper of my humble rhyme ;
However humble, yet if it doth keep
His mem'ry fresh who in death's torpid sleep
Doth rest, the claim of justice then is paid,
The call of tender gratitude obey'd,
To cast the tribute of a world's returns,
And light the tomb of Caledonia's Burns.
Adieu ! may Heaven bear witness to this scene,
And gild in truth the sceptre of our Queen ;
Long may she reign, and while the King on high
Doth bid the world increase and multiply,
May England lead the universal choir

Of love, and tune to heavenly strains her lyre,
While worlds revolving in their courses turn,
May she revere and grace her minstrel's urn!

But, list ye here, we must not worship man;
Let it suffice to know the famous plan,
To keep the memory fresh from age's chime,
The son of Orpheus or the son of rhyme.
But that is all; no licence here is given
To raise a mortal to the ranks of heaven.

ON STANDING ON THE BELFRY OF ST. BOTOLPH'S, AT SUNRISE.

UPON thy tower I stood, majestic tower!
Cool was the morn and solemn was the hour,
No sound awoke the silence of the street,
The peaceful borough slumber'd at my feet,
The distant woods seem'd near, while placid gales
Rush'd forth in sweetness o'er the sun-clad vales,
While far above in gladsome blush of day
The soaring lark resum'd her tuneful lay.

Such was my vision at the early dawn
Of day, when Sol lit up the cheerful morn!

I hear below the rolling waters dash
Upon the beach; I see the whirl and flash,
As just in sight the crested waves advance,
The frothy spumes upon their ripples dance;
The merry clamour of the seaman's song
Salutes my hearing as he glides along.

In time I see from chimneys here and there
White clouds of smoke quick vanish into air;
While from thy noble form the mighty chime
Repeats our warning of the passing time;
And as I look below it is but just
To breathe a blessing on the sleeping dust,
Who long have cast away their earthly bloom,
And lie forgotten in the silent tomb!

I think I hear the voice of sable knights
Pronounce their anger from thy dizzy heights;
Their noisy accents yet my ears assail,
And wake the echoes of the peaceful vale.
But as I mused the flitting time had flown,
That bade me from the pleasing scene begone,
Enlist myself on truth and duty's side,
And play my portion in the world untried.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

PILGRIM hark! the trumpet soundeth,
  Halt no longer on thy way,
Strife is present, grief aboundeth,
  Know the danger of delay.

Hark! celestial bands are calling,
  Calling thee from scenes below,
Keep thy slippery feet from falling,
  Falling in the miry slough.

Hark! the grand angelic thunder
  Rends the sky of joy above,
Ever lost in heavenly wonder
  Be the token of thy love.

Raise thy eyes to brighter glories,
  Make thy inmost thoughts sublime,
Prove that love and death are stories
  Morall'd in the tales of time.

Weep not for the short duration
  Of this pilgrimage of care,

Seek the solemn revelation,
  Be adventurous and dare.

Onward be thy steps directed,
  Weary not while it is day,
On the path from wrong dissected,
  Flee the danger of delay.

OH! SHALL WE MEET AGAIN.

Oh! when the fight of life is past,
  And when the battle's o'er,
Shall we to each forgotten be,
  Oh! shall we meet no more?
Oh! when these angry wings are calmed,
  And silence rules the main,
Oh! shall we sleep the sleep of death,
  Or shall we meet again?

Oh! will this earth a desert be,
  Or glorious Paradise?
Will peace and wisdom take the place
  Of viciousness and vice?
Oh! will this dream, this weary dream,
  Be ever dream'd in vain?

Or will transition's law be lost
  When we shall meet again?

Oh! when this feeble frame's decay'd,
  And faded is the page,
Then shall we be the heroes of
  A brighter pilgrimage.
Oh! will this life of smiles and tears
  Be madly spent in vain?
Oh! shall we slumber dead in sin,
  Or shall meet again?

Oh! are we but the mortals of
  *Chaostic** empty fame?
Oh! will our actions, good or bad,
  Die with the orbal flame?
No, No! but written in the book
  Of life, our mortals reign;
Then let us learn to live and die,
  And we shall meet again.

* I believe chaotic is often used, but I prefer chaostic; we do not say monatic but monastic.

REMEMBER ME.

O, FAIREST one! now thou art fair—
  Now thou art bright and gay,—
Though fonder claims demand thy care,
  Drive not mine own away.
Ne'er may that one endearing thought
  Thy feeling bosom flee;
O! ne'er in vain may it be sought.
  Fair one, remember me.

Let not thy love for drossy gold,
  Or beauty's charms dictate;
Nor let the clay that forms the mould
  Persuasive be in fate.
O! let the standard of the mind
  Thy surest counsel be;
May only true affection bind
  Memorial's gift to thee.

In spite of fortune's frown severe—
  In spite of cruel fate,
Blast not that emblem, ever dear
  To me in life's estate.

In health or sickness, weal or woe,
  I'll prove the same to thee,
If this frail promise thou'lt bestow—
  That thou'll remember me.

O! let my misspent deeds have weight,
  Receive their justice due;
O! let my faults conduct my fate—
  But, if my heart be true—
O! if I can but plight my vow!
  I never proved to thee
Delusive then, O! fair one now,
  I pray, remember me.

O! may the frosts of trouble weave
  No coronets of care;
No burden may our souls receive,
  Though lowly be our fare.
If first the monarch snaps thy thread,
  I'll silent weep for thee;
And if I slumber with the dead,
  Why, then, remember me.

THE SPORTS OF THE FIELD.

"*Nunc bibendum est, cras pede libero pulsanda tellus.*"

Come let us unite, come let us unite,
The praises of cricket to sing,
The Winter is past, and the Fairies invite,
Once more to the sports of the spring.
Up, up, let us hasten and dare to be bold,
The branch of the willow to wield;
Beneath a clear sky, like the Romans of old,
Indulge in the sports of the field.

For awhile let the love strains and ditties depart
With the gales that have hastened by,
Let nature alone add the charm of the heart,
When the lav'rock's singing on high.
Up, up, let us hasten, be merry and glad,
The branch of the willow to wield;
Once more in the Tyrian flannel and pad
Indulge in the sports of the field.

And then may old Lindum with pleasure behold,
With gladness acknowledge to see,
Her youth of the present's her youth of the old,

And its flower still blooms by the Slea.
Up, up, let us hasten with gallant delight
The branch of the willow to wield;
The victory's ours if for it we fight,
And we'll manfully win or we'll yield.

And when the dense shadows of evening are near,
When the wicket is drawn from the grass,
The rosy old Bacchus shall comfort and cheer
Our hearts with the toast and the glass.
And then we will sing our right jolly good songs
In praise of the heroes who wield
The branch of the willow, best to them belongs
The laurel that's won in the field.

Then let us unite, with gladness unite,
For the earth's verdant carpet is spread,
The cuckoo is sounding her note of delight,
Fair Apollo is smiling o'erhead.
And when by our bats the hard contest is won,
And we are the lords of the plain,
We'll dance with our loves, by the light of the moon,
And play all our matches again.

THE YEARS.

BEHOLD another year hath fled
  In ages solemn chime,
Another follows in its stead,
  And mounts the throne of time.

So one by one they disappear,
  Unseen they flee the page
Of human life each rolling year,
  Redeems the debt of age.

All in our turns we pass away,
  While others rise to bloom,
Each fleeting hour of the day,
  Lays thousands in the tomb.

While in the Palace I behold
  That Bomba's absent there,
Death's visit to the cot is told
  By Bob's deserted chair.

Regardless of the royal towers,
  No homage will he pay;

Alike from courts and rural bow'rs
  He bears his prize away.

Should not the dying year remind
  Us of the fleeting time?
Like as a cloud before the wind,
  Or snow in summer time.

We, like the bubble of the stream,
  Soon burst and die away;
What's human life? a paltry dream
  With no reality.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

In fancy's gaze before my eyes,
Methought I saw an aged man,
Who bid me on my feet arise
To mark the shortness of life's span;
I hastened to obey his will,
But he had gone, for ever gone,
Half struck with fear and trembling still,
I look'd, alas! but he had flown.

Without I heard the sound of bells,
A robin at my window pane
Pour'd forth its restless canticles.
Tap, tap, and it sung on again;
What could it mean? so late at night;
To hear such sounds, I must be dead,
I thought, as I perceived the light
Flash from the moonbeam o'er my bed.

The fate of empires racked my brain,
I saw a king without a crown;
The robin at my window pane
Still struck its melancholy tune;
I cried, O wilt thou not return?
Old Year, wilt thou return no more?
As I heaped blessings on his urn,
The bell was tolling—never more!—

THE BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.

Lo! a change came o'er my vision,
I beheld a comely child,
All my sorrow found derision,
In its accents soft and mild.
While the old bells from the steeple,
Rung a sweet and noble chime,
Peace be to you joyful people,
Hail the infant king of time.

No more rapping at the window,
No more deep expiring cry
Of the Tyrant! Old Year render,
Now thy spirit, thou must die.
But a calm came o'er my reason
Like the gentle dew of spring,
Blest the hour, and blest the season,
When the Old Year taketh wing.

New born fancies, new born pleasures,
Now must glance across the world,
Nearer heaven with its treasures,
Lo! the page of history's furl'd;
In a fresh drama on the stage
Of life we're summoned to appear.
May peace uplight the dawning age,
And glory gild the rising year.

THE DEATH OF VON HUMBOLT.

Alas! Von Humbolt hath resigned his all;
Of earth and life, at death's malignant cry,
While weeping nations bear his funeral pall,
The world regrets his loss in agony.
Alas! for Prussia's noble son no more
Breathes vital air, but seeks his earn'd reward
In higher courts, while millions here deplore
The loss of him who lies beneath the sward.
The world itself decks on the sable gown,
Of mournful fate in deepest sorrow drest,
For Science loses from her sparkling crown,
Her brightest gem, her greatest and her best!
No more he'll climb the rugged steeps of life,
No more he'll thirst upon the arid plain!
No more he'll struggle with the ocean's strife,
Or flee the savage of the hostile main;
For he hath gone where there's no rugged steep,
Where gushing streamlets through the vallies roll;
While o'er his tomb may holy vigils keep
Their sacred watch, and Heaven receive his soul.

BEAUTIFUL ITALY.

Beautiful Italy! land of the learned!
Land of the fruitful, but not of the free,
Why dost thou fly to the dagger and poignard?
Whence can arise this confusion of thee?
Stain not thy mountains,
Tinge not thy fountains,
Or sprinkle the crimson blood o'er thy lea.

Beautiful Kingdom! for Nature hath made thee
Bright and romantic beneath a clear sky;
Dark is the cloud that eclipseth thy glory,
Truly unlucky's the gale that blows by.
Thy sun hath now shed
Its last ray, and red
Alas! is thy planet that ruleth on high.

Beautiful Italy! land of the vineyard,
Land of the olive, oh! land of the rose,
Fate hath reverted its site to a graveyard,
The flower of thy lilies far, far away blows,
But may Heaven guide,
Gracious right on thy side,
Vanquish thy enemies, scatter thy foes.

Beautiful Italy! land of enchantment,
  Ne'er may a Despot have rule over thee,
But may thy people seek love and contentment,
  Britain's religion, and they shall be free.
    No more shall thy plains
    Be dy'd with the stains
  Of blood, but thy people shall sing we are free.

THE BRAVE BUT UNFORTUNATE KNIGHT.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TOWN.

Borough folks, if ye will hear
  The burden of my song,
I will not keep you much in fear,
  Or yet detain you long.
A legend of your native town,
  By ages record told,
May give my story some renown
  Because it is so old.

In Southend, by the stony quay,
  A noble mansion stood
With ornaments and finery
  And porticos of wood.

Without the sacred ivy clung
  Fast to the treliss'd wall,
Within the sprightly music rung
  With strains, the gilded hall.

'Twas here to live a Spaniard came,
  With wife and daughters two,
A person of no common fame,
  A Knight of Cadiz too.
His gorgeous vessel by the quay
  Was anchor'd to the shore,
While thousands came a sight to see,
  That ne'er was seen before.

Here he had dwelt about a year—
  One day upon the sea
He spied a vessel sailing near,
  From some far country ;
It proved to be a Spanish Knight,
  Who woo'd his daughter's hand,
He'd left the coast of Spain by night,
  And fled his native land.

To find the object of his heart,
  The idol of his mind,
He left the scenes of home apart,
  And sail'd before the wind.
At his approach the merchant cried,
  "Brave sir, she shall be thine,

Melinda fair shall be thy bride,
  Come share her love with mine."

Old Jerome tied the nuptial knot,
  And seal'd their happy fate;
He said "Oh may your love be wrought
  At Heaven's eternal gate."
The town was filled with people gay,
  Who flock'd in crowds to see
The grandeur of that festive day,
  The scenes of mirth and glee.

At morn the happy pair set sail
  For their own country,
The waves were rough, loud blew the gale,
  As they went out to sea.
The night grew dark, the storm raged more,
  Lock'd in the last embrace
Of death, they sunk to rise no more—
  A whirlpool marks the place.

And o'er the spot the creeping gale
  Yet breathes a mournful groan,
And tells a more impressive tale
  Than could be carved in stone.
Now Borough folks I'd have ye know
  The legends of your town
Will pass away as morning dew
  If they're not handed down.

IN MEMORIAM.

"His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani munere."

As Flora's beauties quit the earth
And seek the world of light,
Unseen to blush in hapless birth
And die before the night.
Such is the life of man, a tale,
The history of a day,
And as the floweret of the vale,
Unseen, he dies away.

But may the floweret of a wild,
Or of some lonely dell,
And may the man a forest child
Support the tale I tell.
Where ne'er the goddess of report
By chance was known to stray,
O! ne'er may Britain's favoured court
Renounce Minerva's sway.

But as in ages that have flown,
In those that have to come;
Fair be the virtues of him shown
Who sleepeth in the tomb.
Emblazon'd on the roll of fame,
Though centuries yet await,

The call of time each honoured name
  Shall share an honoured fate.

Lo! Britain mounts her funeral car,
  And weepeth o'er her son,
Whose genius lit the world afar,
  The mighty Stephenson;
He sought no trophies that decay,
  Which some in bloodshed find,
But brighter conquests made than day,
  The conquests of the mind.

No outward shield, no crimson'd sword
  Hath wrought his memory blest,
Though rocks divided at his word
  And billows lay at rest;
Stupendous works of art he raised,
  That shall for ages stand,
By gazing millions long be praised,
  The wonders of our land.

May grateful Britain join to grace
  Her son's immortal shrine,
Oblivion's might could I efface
  That duty should be mine.
May his exalted spirit flee
  Where time hath lost its sway,
My humble verse a tribute be
  Not soon to pass away.

THE STORM AT SEA.

THOUGHTS unearthly! curious fancies
Seize me with uncommon might,
When I view the troubled waters,
And the gulls unsteady flight.

Sounds both threatening and revolting
Cleave the air on every side,
From the boiling of the whirlpools,
And the roaring of the tide.

Lightnings flash across the heavens;
Thunders shake the gloomy sky;
While the sweeping whirlwind uttereth
Dirges as it passeth by.

Death the corsair in his chariot,
Saileth o'er the troubled main;
Casting vengeance on his victims,
And recalling them again.

To the fragments of the vessel,
Conscious of impending doom,

Lo! they cling with frantic madness,
Fearful of the world to come.

As they sink, poor helpless creatures,
In the dark tempestuous waves,
May peace gild their dying moments,
Light with joy their watery graves.

Secrets ne'er to be unfolded
Till the last terrific day;
Ghastly horrors, fearful records
Mingle in the deadly spray.

Till the final resurrection,
When the lingering time hath fled,
When the earth shall yield her millions,
And the sea cast forth her dead.

THE CITY OF THE FENS.

Behold she stands, the city stands
  Where Witham rolls its winding stream,
A capital amid the lands,
  And no poor object for a theme.

The bards of Corinth may despise
  The subject now my pen attends;
But let their temples grace the skies,
  They're but disgraceful in the Fens.

Show me the truth, show me the light,
  In scenes heroic, stained with blood;
Tell me the glory of the fight,
  The wisdom of the idol god,
Then I'll believe; and I'll begin
  To shape my lay for better ends.
Till then I think it hardly sin
  To quote the history of the Fens.

When Cromwell crossed the fruitful vale
  Of Lindum, courage once forsook
His iron frame; he turned pale,
  And asked for water from the brook.
They brought it in a bullock's horn;
  He cried, "Oh! chiefs, good fate portends;
Where horns abound are bullocks born;
  Hey! for the city of the Fens."

Lo! Fortune smiled; in merry glee
  They slew ten bullocks on the plain;
A valiant knight of Miningsby
  Gave thirty deer to Cromwell's men.
While to his standard numbers flew,
  The love of royalty descends;

The flower of Britain's army grew,
  As now in Holland's famous Fens.

Would you know where farmers gay,
  With good humour, not with pride,
Dwell? where golden corn fields lay?
  Where the streams of plenty glide?
Would you know where health and peace,
  Mirth and joy, are bosom friends?
Come and dwell amid the geese,
  Pay a visit to the Fens.

If you'd hear a merry song,
  Hear the "straw canary" sing.
Doth not tune to him belong?
  Tune that no Italian string,
However fine, however chaste,
  No peasant's purity attends
That strain; its efforts all are waste
  To mock the music of the Fens.

Would you know where pleasures rare
  Ever seem to me to dwell?
Come, then, taste our frugal fare;
  You are welcome. Fare you well.
Come to the shearing of the flock;
  Come when the fruitful orchard bends;
Come when the wheat is in the "shock,"
  And share the frolics of the Fens.

Then, behold the ancient city
  Of Saint Botolph, on the coast,
There a legend and a ditty,
  Stands her pride, the county's boast.
Deep engraven in that steeple,
  That afar to heaven ascends,
Lies the glory of her people
  In the city of the Fens.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

O NOBLE pile of sacred age
  By chieftains built, who stoutly bore
Their spears of might to grace the page
  Of patron saint in days of yore.
How solemn is the evening breath
That echoes through thy cells of death,
Where bygone generations lie
In hope of blest eternity.

As to the sky thy lofty spire
  Approach'd, our fathers in there might
Of zeal, re-echoed through thy choir
  The sacred glories of their rite.

I think I see them in their praise,
As through the arch the morning rays
Of Phœbus steal—them lift on high
Their thanks for signal victory.

Though Cromwell tried by cannon's might,
  With troops of horsemen clad in mail,
To lay thee powerless on thy site,
  Or cast thee helpless in the vale.
Though far around thy neighbours fell;
Though few the records they can tell;
Yet, as a pilgrim of the sky,
Thou bear'st pathetic sanctity.

No more the horrid martial sound
  Doth ride upon the loathsome air,
No more the watchman in his round
  Repeats the word—Beware! Beware!
No legions stand within thy wall,
No rushing troops obey the call—
"To battle come!" No eye discerns,
No voice proclaims—"The city burns."

Be not my humble rhyme misplaced,
  My vision cheated, that can see
The shadow of thy bygone past
  In man's adoring memory.
Well may the citizens be vain,
Who dwell around thy hallow'd fane,

To spread below, and lift on high,
The tidings of thy mystery.

Thy mighty towers have lived throughout
  The strength of many centuries' storms,
The fiery ball, the battle shout,
  And danger in beleaguer'd forms.
O mayst thou stand while service pure
In earthly choirs shall endure;
O mayst thou stand while thou art given
To be the favour'd spot of Heaven.

THE DEATH OF HAVELOCK.

Rest, noble Briton, rest; be Heaven obey'd,
  Since human discord is the dire delight
Of death, who now o'er thee extends his shade,
  Pernicious, cruel, regardless of thy right.
Few warriors merit more distinguished grace
Than thee, as godlike sprung from Hector's race.

Thy matchless courage we bewail the more,
  Who when, though tens of thousands were deprest
By doubt, thou conquer'dst on that hostile shore,
  And set thy country's trembling mind at rest.

Even men unborn, with ages yet behind,
Shall rid their praises on thy glorious mind.

Alas! how rough life's journey, how uneven—
  How fierce that cruel monster of the tomb;
Virtue itself can't change the fate of Heaven,
  Or Britain's hero yet in life would bloom.
Havelock, warrior of thy Queen and State,
We mourn in sadness thy untimely fate.

Of martial heroes no vain shadow thee—
  The guilty sepoy trembled at thy name—
With fearful looks beheld thy victory,
  And stamped in glory was thy crest of fame.
Alas! thou suffer'dst, cruel death to please,
And fell beneath the sceptre of disease.

Though Heaven proves merciful to us, yet we
  Must now regret our melancholy fate,
And lastly hope He has assigned to thee,
  Who dwells on high, a far more blest estate
Than we could ever, though we fain would give,
Had Fate designed thee still on earth to live.

With sacrifice before the rising morn,
  On India's plains by fruitful hope inspired;
From camps of peril, and 'mid shades forlorn
  Of night thou slaughter of their host required;

But still thy actions good, as well as brave,
Could not elude the malice of the grave.

To thee thy country's tears are ever due,
  Her lonely barks upon the silent sea
Shall dye their standards in the darkest hue,
  And chant thy death in doleful melody;
Whose name shall live beyond the stress of years,
And mem'ry die when Time but disappears.

Angel of truth, thy sacred wings explore,
  Bequeath to England vict'ry o'er the storm
Of dark rebellion on the troubled shore
  Of India, and display thy radiant form.
Coupled with virtue, mayest thou ever be
Her brightest guide to all futurity.

ON THE ARRIVAL OF DR. MACKAY FROM AMERICA, 1858.

Welcome, O son of sweetest rhyme,
  Thou foremost of the noble band,
Best wishings of the noble clime
  Pursue thee to thy native land.

Fair minstrels light thy lamp of fame,
  Their blessings on thy merits throng,
While mystic muses laud thy name
  With honours of poetic song.

Rude storms and tempests, cheerless rains
  Pass'd thy favour'd vessel by,
Angry winds and hurricanes
  Rode in peace along the sky.
Nature's children, well delighted,
  Echoed o'er the liquid seas
Truths which never can be slighted—
  Fill'd in joy the peaceful breeze.

In blissful tones thy genius claim'd
  Amazement from the wond'ring throng,
Earth's enraptured lists proclaimed
  The merits of thy British song.
O ! could I trace the records o'er,
  Or scan the roll of flying age,
Thy wisdom far above would soar,
  And swell the glories of the page.

In pride the stars of western might,
  Gay in response, rejoicing smiled,
When visions of serene delight
  Beset thy heart in fancies wild.
'Twas then the true and hallowed flame
  Of love relax'd thy inmost thought,

Held up to view thy nation's fame,
  The world thy fathers' glory taught.

O let us hail thy blest return
  With songs of mirth and festive glee,
And may that flame for ever burn
  Of Britain's honour'd liberty;
May Fortune speed thee on thy way,
  Guide thee safely on the road,
Wisdom grant its brightest ray
  And lead thee to yon bright abode.

Let Britain smile, while thousands pour
  Their blessings on the prince of lay,
Her children on the western shore
  With living laurels crown Mackay.
English lyres witness keep,
  Throw out his praise in tunes serene,
While o'er peaceful zephyrs sweep,
  And gild the glories of the scene.

THE MORNING STAR.

[AN HUMBLE APPENDAGE TO THE POEM "THE EVENING STAR."]

OH! beautiful star, as the watch of the sky
  Thou shin'st in thy fulness of glory alone,
Now the rest of the orbs from the firmament fly,
  Whose bright rays upon us celestial shone.
    Beautiful star! Oh, beautiful star!
    Star of the daybreak, Oh, beautiful star!

Who art thou? The herald of holy decree;
  The promise of bliss in the region above;
In joy we behold the fair presence of thee,
  Who frameth our hopes in the city of love.
    Beautiful star! Oh, beautiful star!
    Star of bright promise, Oh, beautiful star!

As Sol from the clouds of the east doth arise,
  Thou beacon'st the course of his aërial way,
Till at length in full glory he lighteth the skies,
  And bringeth unto us the blessings of day.
    Beautiful star! Oh, beautiful star!
    Star of the sunrise, Oh, beautiful star!

Beautiful star! fair vision of light!
  Glories divine thy circuit attend;
Thou changest the gloom and the darkness of night
  Into day, with its pleasures that never shall end.
    Beautiful star! Oh, beautiful star!
    Star of the morning, Oh, beautiful star.

OLD AGE, I FEAR THEE NOT.

Old age, thou canst not give me pain;
  Ye silver tresses on my head,
Ye shall not force me to complain
  Because my youthful days are fled.
I hope to live in cities fair,
  Where godlike forms for ever dwell;
No feet return who wander there—
  Of them no human tongue can tell.

My life was like the summer flower,
  Or as the ripple on the sea,
Or as the fragrance of the bower
  That scents the air delightfully.
As first the little bud appears,
  And next to view the lovely bloom;
So came successively the years,
  And drew me nearer to the tomb.

The dream is o'er, the phantom flies;
  Nought can arrest the fleeting course
Of life, who in its nature dies,
  And breathes contempt on human force.
But still fair Hope, on wings of might,
  Conveys me to those courts above,
Where angels dwell, in radiant light,
  And reign in everlasting love.

THE GREETING OF THE AUSTRALIANS TO THE PRIMROSE OF ENGLAND.

O WAIT ye dearest little ones, in time ye all shall see
The messenger of visions from your home beyond the sea,
Lest you harm its tender foliage, oh! treat it carefully.

Rush not ye burly hardy ones, oh! be of sober cast,
Lest ye destroy its loveliness, its comely beauty blast.
Remember! if it prospereth, it shall for ever last.

What blissful tidings from the land of heaven doth she bring,
What pleasure in our hearts, as we gaze upon her, spring,
What beamings of our home beloved to her tender branches
  cling.

Remember, 'tis the selfsame flower your noble fathers bore
Upon their crimson vests to kirk in merry days of yore:
Oh, joyful hail its presence where it never came before.

O flower of our fatherland, in England's vale serene,
Where flows the peaceful streamlet, upon its banks are seen
Thee, with a host of Flora's gems, who own thee blushing
queen.

Oft have I, in the spring of life, with playmates blithe and
gay,
As to the summer skies arose the perfume of the hay,
Sought thy lone sequestered nook, and borne thee safe away.

Oh, virgin of the prairie, may Heaven speed thy bloom!
Mayst thou smile in delight for endless years to come,
To grace our children's garlands and cheer their desert home.

O darling of simplicity, O beam of freedom's ray,
That was a day of hallowed bliss, a ne'er forgotten day,
When England to the distant land sent thee in love away.

But far more joyful was the day, as from the courts above
A pilgrim of blest innocence, they welcom'd thee in love:
The gem of Flora in the west, oh, mayst thou ever prove!

Then when the present race recline in peace within the bower
Of death, may future generations name thee blest of flowers,
And praise the day when thou arrivedst from this fair land
of ours.

NOTE.—This beautiful little flower, so common in the fields and lanes in Britain, was unknown to Australia until a little time since, when one was imported from England. "The sensation it produced no one can describe; thousands of people welcomed it on shore, and the day of its presence was celebrated with the most profound delight."—*Illustrated London News.*

THE TWA BRIGS OF BOSTON.

'Twas night, few sounds disturbed the burghers' rest,
When 'sploring squads i' labouring found a zest
For sleep, an' silent was the sailor's song.
In mighty force the Witham roll'd along,
As o'er its flood an ancient brig uprear'd
Its huge rude form, whose safety long was fear'd,
When by the fates, for fear of limb or jig,
The borough folks had built another brig.
'Twas late, when passing o'er its modern form,
Methought I heard the brewin' o' a storm;
I stay'd awhile, when lo! beneath my frame,
I heard the new brig to the auld proclaim:—

THE NEW BRIG.

"Begone, auld tottering neebour, from my sight,
Thou art not fit by day, much less by night,
To bear the anxious pilgrim on his way.
Sometime thou'lt fa', and hurl him i' the spray;
Thy 'cute auld piers, thy narrow compass' span
Looks but a beaver's arch—na wark o' man."

THE AULD BRIG.

"Alake! I ken, young chiel, my days are short,
And too I ken thou art but waful taught.

When thou hast liv'd to hear auld Botolph's chime
As lang as I, methinks thy dwindled time
Will fain be here; thou'lt raise no lofty head,
But then weel trow thy auld companion dead.
Across the flood I carried every day,
Through every season, yet sae lean my pay,
That if my limbs ago had been repaired,
For coming ages yet I should be spared.
Sae now, young brig, though you i' bairn-time smile,
Sure eild will come whom thou dost now revile."

THE NEW BRIG.

"Thou'rt sure to hae some sel'-conceited slang,
Auld jade, for thou hast liv'd a year o'er lang;
Thy wailie acts deserve nae swaggie,
Methinks they're nought, thysel' a squattling braggie;
Say not thy frame for ages would be spared,
If thy auld spauls afore had been repaired:
They were not worth it, for thy hideous creak—
'Twas not of warls—but like auld Hornie's squeak.
Talk not to me about my lofty head,
Or think that I shall grieve o'er thee when dead.
Soon will thy quaintly presence be forgot,
Though runkling centuries shall not stir a jot.
My own keystane, when Botolph's site is bare,
When chattering kaes have lost their covert there,
In pride I'll stand, when trees upo' that plain
Before me shake, 'mid stacks o' brick and stane."

THE AULD BRIG.

"Young frien' I ken thou'rt but a puny form
Just raised; thou'st seen nae rugged wintry storm,
Nae blustering tempest hast thou yet defied,
Or felt a quiver from the fearfu' tide.
Why call me braggie? O' the acts I've wrought
I gently tell thee, by long ages taught:—
I've known the knight upo' his noble horse,
An' buxom damsel oft my keystane cross;
I've heard the tolling o' the convent bell,
An' ken the spot where Father Jerome fell—
So learn the relics o' experienced age.
Thou'rt but a bairn; think not thysel' a sage;
Say not thou'lt live when Botolph's site is bare;
I'll spae i' trowth, thou ne'er wilt ha'e sic fare."

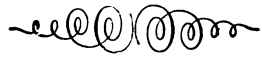
THE NEW BRIG.

"Well now, auld friend, I ken thy words are true,
That rolling age will ha'e its loyal due;
But shall I, wrought wi' iron's stalwart might,
As soon as thee look but a striddling sprite?
Shall this frail creeping tide o'erwhelm my form,
Or shall I fa' beneath a puny storm?
But as our time i' snarling's badly spent,
I will award to thee our argument.
I dinna think mysel' a learned sage,
Who knoweth wonners taught by prismie age;
I only thought thou'd better lig thy head
I' peace, than thraw thy timmers i' the bed

To stap the current, an' to form the clang
O' simple tattlers an' the haivering thrang;
Sae when thou dies, mayst thou find welcome rest,
For ever honoured and for ever blest."

THE AULD BRIG.

"Leeze me, young bairn, for we ha'e made thie's weel,
I own thy gude sense, and delighted feel.
Afore we part let me a lesson gie—
A word o' counsel how thou here must lie;
Though I weel ken advice, like ill-got seed,
On barren ground is often lost indeed;
For tittering taupies keep their ears aloof
From wholesome caution and from wise reproof;
But mayst thou be an outlaw to the rule,
Nae deem thy teacher but a chattering fool:
Serve well the borough, an' when thou'st grown auld
Thy good acts, as mine, will then be told;
While thrifty burghers oft thy keystane cross,
Grow grey as it, an' like it gather moss;
Mayst thou remind them, as the winter's blast,
Sae fierce and keen,
Is to the year, sae auld age comes at last,
An' shuts the scene!"



ON THE MEMORIAL WINDOW

Lately erected in Boston Church, by the Freemen, to John Laughton, as a tribute of their esteem—he being the founder of the National Schools.

O FREEMEN, in our hallow'd pile
  Ye've wrought a noble deed,
Where I perceive the living smile
Of gratitude, the dearest wile
  Of her devoted creed.

Blest be your work, for ever bless'd,
  The tribute of your love,
To him who lies in silent rest,
Beneath the stone in acts confess'd,
  Prepared to live above.

Who in your antique borough shared
  Its merriment and strife,
Who for your children's good declared
His wish, for them a course prepared
  To win the race of life.

O! mark the sound of Laughton's name
  Whose virtues never died.

But live to tell his honour'd fame,
In future years to bear his claim,
  So purely justified.

O! may the memories of our dead
  Remind us of the time,
Few are the rays the sun has shed
Upon his tomb, a century's fled
  In Age's solemn chime.

O! may that sacred building tell,
  O! may its relics ever bear
Truthful records from the cell
Of Death, where generations fell,
  And sleep their last sleep there.

WISDOM IN OLD AGE.

Although full fifty years have flown
  Since we were joined together,
Though num'rous hopes and fears we've known,
  The storms of every weather.
Though age hath brought us on to see
  Life's cares and trials here,
It shall not force my heart from thee,
  John Robinson, my dear.

Though torpid age doth set me fast,
  My love can never chill,
But breathes, as in the changing past,
  Resemblance to thy will.
O! lastly, Johnny, may we lay
  Together in the tomb,
And rise upon the final day
  To live in endless bloom.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

When young I left my father's cot,
Bid every childish scene adieu,
The battle-field my chosen lot,
With victory and fame in view.
I heeded not my mother's prayer,
My father's wish I ask'd no more,
But banish'd from me every care,
And sought the fiery cannon's roar.

But when the battle's rage was o'er,
As I lay on the dismal plain,
'Twas then I thought of home once more—
Those happy scenes flew back again.
I dreamt I sat beside the brook
That murmurs through my father's ground,
Whilst far above I heard the rook,—
Alas! 'twas but the trumpet's sound.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

I saw upon a sunny site
  A graceful floweret bloom,
But cruel frost at coming night
  Convey'd it to the tomb.

I saw upon this busy stage
  Delighted children play,
But death, unmindful of their age,
  Hath swept them all away.

I saw the ruddy cheek at morn
  With hue of blushing red,
And sparkling eye, by evening borne
  To slumber with the dead.

But yesternight a monarch held
  On earth imperious sway,
Lo! better fate his might dispell'd
  Before the dawn of day.

Then, what is life?—a mingled scene
  Of joy, and hope, and fear,
Though fortune kind may intervene,
  How short it lingers here.

Time, as a constant rolling stream,
  Through ages floweth on,
To cast and close the human dream
  In vast oblivion.

ON BEHOLDING THE PALACE RUINS, LINCOLN.

'Twas when the sun declared the closing scene
Of day, I stood on Lindum's hallowed green,
While near around me towers of ancient trust
Upreared their heads, to grace right royal dust.
I saw the grandeur and the work sublime
Of Chesney's pride, the sport of playful time.
Where now the porch conceals the owlet's nest
Stood tables, creaking with a conqueror's feast.
Where creeping ivy weaves its darksome spray
Stood marble halls, mid courts of splendour gay.
O'er gloomy vaults the spiral grasses creep,
Beneath where knights, clad in their armour, sleep.
Columns destroyed—abruptly rent in twain,
And broken pillars strewed the lifeless plain.
Too, I beheld the noble Church, the pride
Of Lindum's county, and the world beside.
As misty clouds enrobed its sacred towers,
Its iron heart bespoke the fleeting hours.
And now that mighty structure throws around
The only charm that is in ages found:
Delightful thought of bygone centuries filled
My mind with joy—could we these courts rebuild,
Could we recall the golden actions fled,
The goodly feats of generations dead,
Who played their parts in Alexander's day—
But time hath told, and all is pass'd away.

DAYBREAK.

Lo! sweet silence greets the morning, hails the opening of
the day,
As the rising king of glory drives the early dews away:

When the reigning orbs of midnight quit their thrones of
lurid glare,
When no sounds of busy populace do ride along the air:

When the iron sons of labour seek their life-accustom'd toil,
And the travellers on the stage of life begin their daily
broil:

In the grove the songsters welcome, with their notes of
festive glee,
Gladsome blushing of the morning, in sweet tones of melody.

But in time the rays of Phœbus in their majesty break forth,
As the eastern portals shed their rays of brightness on the
earth.

While the clouds of smoky vapour from the scatter'd cots
arise,
As their wreaths of sombre blackness quickly vanish in the
skies.

As the softly-flowing waters trickle through the peaceful vale,
Lo! I hear the watchful linnet from the hawthorn tell its tale.

True, the spirit of enchantment weaves a charm around the hour,
As th' illumined flash of splendour strikes upon the mossy tower.

As the goddess of the morning strews across the graceful lawn
Her fairy gems of sprightliness, to hail the rising dawn,

Lo! swift Time moves on his errand, all the visions flee away,
And the world awaketh to the stern realities of day.

GARIBALDI, MAN OF MEN.

Lo! from the mountain-caves of fair Italia
I heard a sound, unused to such fine echoings,
Burst forth, like one escaped from Pluto's cell,
Or like a dead man, born to die no more.
Each little stream that kissed her verdant dales,
Her fruitful slopes, her brown autumnal plains,
Resumed the smile unknown to fetter'd climes.
Was the black robe that veil'd her lightest light?

Was the thick chain of thraldom woven in hell?
Or was her sky of mockery removed?
Rejoice, Italia, thy salvator's born!
He that shall shatter the towers of vicious infamy,
He that shall scatter the bloodmongers far and wide,
He that shall damn tyrants with their damnable deeds,
He that shall uproot the vile weeds of anarchy,
And hurl down the monarchs from polluted thrones,
Bring down destruction on the sons of evil,
Is born unto you—Garibaldi, chief, and man of men!

He waged his heaven-born might on land and sea;
Italia smiled again, for she was free.
Where are her princes? Where are her rulers? Lost, lost?
Where are her tyrants? Mouldering in the dust?
Where are her bloodmongers? Where do her monarchs
sleep?
Where do her tendrils of corruption creep?
The sun of heaven shines fair upon her shore,
Where lawless bands shall count their spoils no more;
And all the world may bless the season when
Her liberator graced the ranks of men.
But Heaven could grant him nature's best award,
But Heaven can add his well deserved reward.
Long may he live; his memory shall defy
The threats of time—it cannot, shall not die.
To freedom joined, adored his name shall reign,—
Brave Garibaldi, chief—yea, man of men!

THE RELICS OF THE KNIGHT.

WRITTEN ON THE RETURN OF THE YACHT "FOX."

Lo! the bark with wondrous tidings,
Borne from Greenland's icy coast,
Sweeps again her native waters,
With the relics of the lost.
Of the noble band who perished
On the icebergs of the North,
Good success hath crowned her efforts,
Mystery veils no more the earth.

But, alas! the gallant spirit
Of the English Knight hath fled;
Far away, in arctic regions,
Lo! he slumbers with the dead.
Though the snow conceals his body,
And the frosts congeal his frame,
Yet the love for England's hero,
England's Knight, is still the same.

Martyr to a cause of honour,
He hath died a sacrifice

For the object of his country,
And a mighty enterprise.
But, too late, alas! the record
Comes, now years have rolled away,
Franklin and his worthy comrades
Long have mouldered in decay.

One by one their souls departed,
As they sank upon the plain,
With their loaded arms beside them,
Ne'er to hunt the deer again.
Peace be to their weary bodies;
O! may joys beyond the tomb,
Joys unknown award their laurels
In the world that is to come.

THE DEATH OF MACAULAY.

Britannia weep, alas! no more
  Thy famed historian lives,
For he hath rendered up his soul
  To him alone who gives.

Time, the tyrant, bears away
  The firstlings of thy flock;
The finest bark is wreck'd at last,
  And stranded on the rock.

Age brings the summons to us all,
  And we must all obey;
The serf and monarch may regret,
  But cannot miss the day.

Oft kings and emperors quit the stage
  Of life with pomp and pride,
As if their Maker noticed more
  Than when a peasant died.

But mark! their loss is seldom felt,
  Their memories yield no shade,
And every goodly act they've wrought
  Is 'neath the tombstone laid.

But when the spirit of a man
  Is summon'd to the sky,
Though dead, as mortal laws denounce,
  His virtues never die.

Macaulay, English hearts vibrate,
  And yield one wish of love,
That thou may'st know the history well
  Of that bright world above.

A DIRGE ON LIFE.

LIFE's but a weary toil at best,
Where millions seek and find no rest;
The gloomy shadow of a scene,
Where death's fierce current rolls between.
Man, as a flower on the plain,
Blooms for a while, and fades again:
Or as the leaf upon the tree,
Or as the billow on the sea,
Or as the bubble of the stream,
Or as dame fortune's empty dream,
Or as the running of a race,
Or as the pleasures of the chase:
The billow falls, the leaf decays,
The bubble bursts, the dream betrays,
The chase is o'er, the race is run,
The pleasure's past, man's life is done;
He casts away his earthly bloom,
And lies forgotten in the tomb.

THE OLD MAN'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL dearest, lifetime's treasure,
  For my end is come at last;
I must quit this habitation,
  Leave thee to life's stormy blast.
Now my brow is bent with sorrow,
  And my locks are grey as well,
Thou wilt follow me to-morrow,
  Need I, need I say Farewell?

Though the day when first I knew thee
  Long hath fled in ages chime,
Years hath not effaced the sweetness
  Or the memory of that time.
Death is calling, I must hasten
  In yon world of light to dwell,
There be ready to salute thee,
  Never more to say Farewell!

THE GOLDEN MIRAGE.

'Twas a dark day in my lifetime,
  Every joyful scene had fled,
In my mind hope's flower was pictur'd
  Drooping with its wither'd head.

But alack! a brighter lining
  Had the cloud of sombre hue;
At the shrine of artful Hymen
  I knelt down, as others do.

With her came the news of greatness
  That would shortly coup my name,
Tidings of my future glory,
  Revelations of my fame.

As she told me, I had visions
  Of bright jewels set in gold,
Glittering pages me attended,
  Mendicants their troubles told.

I sat 'neath a lilac bower,
  With a slave to fan my face,
Yea! I thought I was immortal,
  Far above the human race.

Prancing steeds and royal chariots,
  Well dress'd footmen, real as life,
Waited to obey the orders
  Of my charming blooming wife.

And a lake of clearest crystal
  Glisten'd in the summer sun,
And across the wooded parklands
  Herds of graceful red deer run.

All the fruits of foreign climates
  On the sculptur'd arches hung,
In the orange blossom'd thickets
  Nature's sweetest warblers sung.

But alas! 'twas but a vision,
  All my plans and thoughts were wrong,
I, a poor wretch, was deluded
  By the craft of woman's tongue.

THE MAIDEN'S SOLACE.

Oh! weep not fair maiden, evince no deep sorrow,
Though Bellona hath won all the swains of the town,
To her cause, in her service of conquest and honour,
They seek war's bright laurels their temples to crown.
Her charms how resistless, what wonder, what glory,
Rest in the sound of a warrior's name—
But weep not fair maiden though sad is the story,
Thy breast to ill feeling can merit no claim.

Our country is smiling in plenty and peace,
Thunder-struck nations are quaking with fear,
Quiet old John has bid tumults to cease,
The world pays respect to the bold Volunteer.
Then put away sorrow and cast away sadness,
Deck on thy garment of mirth and rejoice,
Here's luck to the Rifleman, source of thy gladness,
Son of Britannia the youth of thy choice.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Recollections, recollections
To my fever'd fancy cling,
Yet survive expiring nature
And afresh to memory bring,
Recollections of my childhood,
And those joyous scenes of yore,
Never, never will depart me,
Never, Never more.

Recollections, recollections
Of the smiling days of youth,
Yet beset me with their morals
And breathe out unerring truth,
Though they tell me and remind me,
Yet the past they can't restore,
Bygone days have no renewal,
Never, never more.

Glad and solemn recollections
Still are tingling in my ear,
Thoughts are gone like fleeting vapours,
Acts as things that never were,

Good or bad, in fact, or fancy
Death stands knocking at the door,
I may wish for, but recall them,
Never, never more.

Grave and lightsome recollections
May press on with growing years,
But they shall not ripen sorrows
Or encourage doubting fears;
If the past be sad or pleasant,
May the way be clear before,
Then past memories are bright treasures,
Ever, ever evermore.

TO THE SKYLARK.

O, SWEETEST songster of the skies,
Could I like thee but yield a strain,
I then afar from earth would rise
And bid farewell to all its pain,
And as the sun
At op'ning morn
Lights up the busy earth,
My song should be
Sweet minstrelsy
And loves propitious birth.

O, rapturous pilgrim of the clouds,
Grant me thy joyous song,
That I may melt these misty shrouds
That round my spirit throng,
And view with glee
Those realms like thee
Of never changing love,
When thou ascendest
To heaven and blendest
Thy voice with those above.

TO THE SWALLOW.

Bird of the sunny clime,
Guest of the summer time,
Darling of pleasure and stranger to pain,
Pilgrim of innocence,
Heir to benevolence,
Welcome art thou to our island again.
The old cottage of yore
Thou seekest once more,
Ingratitude dare not abide in thy mind,
For love brings thee where
Thou partook of the fare
Of those whom he left in the winter behind.
But the cold season's gone,
Blest is thy return,
Now the primroses bloom on the emerald plain,
Love all the day long,
And a heart thrilling song
Shall yield thee a welcome to Britain again.

THE CORMORANT ON THE STEEPLE.

On the eighth of September, 1860, a Cormorant was observed perched on the tower of Boston Church. As it is mostly reckoned an evil omen, its appearance on that day cannot be overlooked, being the unfortunate day when the late Herbert Ingram was drowned in Lake Michigan. What makes it more strange, is the fact that the lamented gentleman was the owner of St. Botolph's living. The distressing occurrence forms the subject of the following poem.

THE CORMORANT.

On the eighth of last September, I can very well remember,
As I journey'd through the quaint old city of the fen,
Seeing groups of anxious people gather'd round St. Botolph's steeple
Gazing at a fiendish stranger—stranger to the haunts of men;
Like some ill commissioned agent from some filthy murderer's den
Sat a Cormorant, sad but stately, on the tower in the fen.

Every old dame could remind us ill's not very far behind us,
And the dark uncleanly creature shook its feathers all the more,

Scarce a single word was spoken, scarce the spell of silence broken
Save by Witham's restless surges—surges rattling on the shore;
Still the black unearthly creature brooded high the tower o'er,
Still the black unearthly creature look'd as solemn as before.

Why? O guest of evil sorrow, hauntest thou our peaceful borough?
Tell us thy unwelcome errand? restless cormorant, bird of yore,
Make thy object dark apparent—dost thou bring a ghastly warrant?
Is thy beak imbued with poison? poison! some man's cup to sour;
Dost thou bring disastrous tidings, tidings we shall all deplore?
Dost thou bring some deadly message? tell us, tell us we implore.

While the question thus I uttered, still it flew about and flutter'd,
And its proud distinctive actions in my fancy seem'd to say
"Burghers, men of ancient Boston, less ye soon will have to boast on,
In your fate's forsworn a trouble—trouble of no distant day;
From your old age, graven steeple, I shall never fly away
Till the dark impending trouble happen at no distant day."

While the concourse of beholders, like a company of soldiers
Venturing 'pon each others chances in the near approaching fight,
Gently spake to one another as a brother speaks to brother,
"Death will hold his visitation—visitation here to night,
And our elders shall be weeping long before the morning light,"
Yet upon the sacred tower sat the legendary sprite.

"Bird," I cried, "O guest of evil, spirit of a saint or devil,
By the skies that hang above us what's thy message I implore?
Seek another safer story, quit old Botolph's mound of glory,
Seek another kind of refuge—refuge on some lonely shore
Where the washed up putrid bodies shall provide thee food in store,
Where beside the rugged mountains wild the watery billows roar."

Still it only seemed to mock me, there it sat as if to shock me,
Like a guardian spirit pondering o'er the chronicles of yore,
There it sat as in devotion, now and then a restless motion
As some lonely mortal weeping—weeping for a friend no more,
Mourning some unlucky brother death could ne'er again restore,
Or the worthy priest or priestess, or a soul that lives no more.

Lo! the day was now forgotten and the bird lay dead and rotten,
Rotten as the curst remembrance rankling in my vital core,
Of the wretched-hearted being, who, no sad disaster seeing,
Lurking like a stealthy foeman—bid it die and live no more;
Though 'twas but a school-boy's action—action we must all deplore,
Truly vengeance resteth on it, resteth on it evermore.

And before a month departed quaked the brave and lion hearted,
All the elders and the people felt oppress'd with grief and sore,
As a message dark and dire flash'd across the bands of fire,
Echoing news of fearful perils—perils on some distant shore,
Like the words of souls departed, souls to live on earth no more,
And the spirit on the steeple seem'd to answer never more.

Then the stern despairing people looked upon the lofty steeple
For the bird's prophetic spirit, but alas! 'twas there no more;
O'er the foamy wild Atlantic it had flown in misery frantic,
There to take its death-bound slumber on a dark infernal shore,

Where, o'er wrecks of shattered vessels, loud the crimson waters roar,
Crimson with the blood of mortals, mortals sunk to rise no more.

There, upon the sands of danger, slept a brave unlucky stranger,
But his spirit had departed, and alas! he breathed no more;
There the bird so sadly banish'd, shrieking like a demon vanish'd
With a scream of wildest terror, vanish'd! yea, for evermore,
And the whirlpools roll'd in fury wilder than they roll'd before,
And the waves with shock Charonic dash'd upon the rocky shore.

But death's willing foes, in malice, found the richly sculptured chalice,
Drain'd it for a drop remaining. but alas! there was no more;
Though the ruby wine had left it—heaven had scarcely yet bereft it
Of the usual purple glimmering, which the cup of banquets wore;
But the mansion's now deserted and the cup will pass no more,
And the potters for their vessel shall be weeping evermore.

Thousands of the great Chicago shall lament the lifeless cargo
Which the Corsair of creation to his caves in triumph bore,
And the eighth of last September, all the world shall long remember,
When a body stiff and lifeless lay upon the dreadful shore,
When a body dead and shatter'd sunk, alas! to rise no more,
When the spirit of St. Botolph's faintly whisper'd never more.

Then the task of tearful torture, as across the faithless water,
Sad and mournful they the empty charnel bore,
When old Boston, like Gomorra, woful wept with rueful sorrow
For the dear and faded treasure that the world could ne'er restore,
Like the plagues of the Egyptians they shall mourn it evermore,
When the foe of life and nature bid their firstborn live no more.

How they solemnly conveyed him to his native town and laid him
In the dust to dream no empty phantasies of yore.
On the leaves is it not written? of the borough pages smitten,

Smitten with the dreadful rubric, rubric to the scene of gore.
When their great and good salvator liv'd amongst them never more,
When the dark prophetic stranger faintly answered never more.

NOTE.—It will be observed this poem is written in the same metre as Edgar Poe's on the Raven; the seldom used metre only calls for this notice, as it is unnecessary to add that there is little or no originality in those of the present day.

THE BELFRY OF BOSTON.

NOBLE belfry from thy chambers at the early blush of day
I beheld the rolling Witham wash thy basis in its spray.

I beheld the evening shadows quit the scenes of coming morn.
Far away the verdant landscapes and the fields of golden corn

Lay enshrined in Autumn's splendour in the beams of solar light,
When the dykes of fenny Holland seemed as veins of silver bright.

From thy mighty vaulted tower, mossy by the hand of time,
Lo! I heard the fleeting hour rung upon its iron chime.

From the old embattled turret, on thy topmost dizzy height,
I beheld the knavish jackdaw cut the air in speedy flight.

In the heavens far above me, whilst the pilgrim of the sky
Sang the day's delightful dawning in sweet tones of melody,

I beheld in imaged fancy tragic scenes from days of yore,
Scenes of murder, scenes of bloodshed, on the site of Lisbon's store:

Visions of the Spanish merchant and his daughter fair and gay,
And the valiant Knight of Cadiz, who seduced her heart away.

Preaching mendicants and friars, military monks and knights,
Followers of the great St. Francis and the lofty Eremites.

Benedictine nuns of silence, silence sacred and severe;
From the busy world secluded, from its scenes of hope and fear.

Visions of the mournful cortege passing through the winding street,
To the ghostlike final dwelling where the high and lowly meet;

Where the greatest of earth's children ruling kingdoms with a breath,
Rival but the humblest peasant in the government of death.

Visions of the nuptial banquet and the festivals of glee,
When Lord Hussey's stately towers rang with sounds of revelry.

Mighty men of former glory, noble men of ancient days,
Yet who live in history's record passed before my early gaze;

While the tramp of mounted horsemen and the din of martial cries
Swept along the peopled boro' and arose into the skies;

Yet I heard the sound of danger and the sailors cry at night,
With his shout of sudden gladness as he viewed thy form in sight.

When the tolling of the sanctus, and the elevated lamp
Flaming in thy world famed lantern, brought him to his homely camp;

While the bustling of the boro' and the whistling of the train
Bore me through the mist of ages to the scenes of yore again.

As I view'd the dead around thee, in death's solemn trust,
Then I breathed a silent blessing on our fathers honour'd dust,

Who upreared thee noble temple, not for worshippers of wood,
Nor the bowl of burning incense nor the sacrifice of blood;

But a court of greater glory, and a monument that bears
The story of their noble work throughout the stress of years.

The nightingale—best poet of them all—
  With tuneful warblings fills the evening air;
O once—but once—could human reason fall
  To birds, a portion of her mirth I'd share.

I love to view thy lingering flame of light
  With latent glimmer gild the burnished plain;
Thou swiftly shun'st the ebon shades of night,
  Till morn shall bid thee light the world again.
No more the storm or cruel gale can cloud
  Thy lurid glare; as hopeful wisdom dies,
Thou seeketh slumber in the golden shroud
  Of heaven, to shine in brighter, fairer skies.

But as I watch thee mount the radiant throne,
  Deep-rooted thoughts my wondering mind inspire—
A blest resemblance to life's journey run.
  I view, depicted in thy sinking fire,
In peaceful skies thou endeth thy career;
  No cloud conceal'st the glory of thy ray,
Thou bid'st farewell to scenes so transient here,
  And scales the vaults of everlasting day.

Like as the aged pilgrim, full of years,
  Oppress with care and troubled fates of earth,
With gladdened hope his cross triumphant bears
  To heaven's gate, and seeks a holier birth.
O'er him no conquest gains the cruel grave;
  Death—yea Death—for him hath got no sting;

He dies to live, and quits the world to save
  A throne above, to reign beside his King.

He climbs the skies; in vain the storms may rage,
  Or tempests howl—these chequered scenes of woe
All try in vain to dim his glorious page,
  Now heaven hath sealed his missioned walk below.
And as the minstrels of the shady grove
  In tuneful echoes chant the dying lay
Of Sol, so angels welcome him above,
  To realms of bliss, of never ending day.

THE DEATH OF THE BRIDE.

They told me gently she was dead;
I look'd to heaven and sighed.
How could it be? the soul had fled,
With angels to reside,
Of Marion, of Marion,
My own devoted bride.

Prostrate on the ground I fell;
No words could tell my pain.
Why have you left me here alone?

Alone, I cried in vain
O Marion, O Marion,
Will you not come again?

The flowers she pluck'd at early morn
Were still in living bloom;
Why has cruel fortune torn
My record in the tomb?
O Marion, O Marion,
May heaven seal thy doom.

Cruel fortune tell me why
You robb'd me of my bride?
A thousand lives I'd give to die
And slumber at the side
Of Marion, of Marion,
My dead, but lovely bride.

JACK'S WEDDING DAY.

Old Sol with dazzling splendour
  Uplit the morn of May,
Which the blithsome cuckoo welcom'd
  In his sweet and happy lay.
I hurried from my borough nest,
  At the primal burst of day,

And bid farewell to trade and toil,
  For 'twas Jack's wedding day.

To the old hall of the village—
  The ivied porch of yore—
I bent my way, and eagerly
  Unlatched the well-known door.
I found my friends and relatives,
  Deck'd in their best array,
And gladly did they welcome me
  Upon Jack's wedding day.

From the grey old storm-clad steeple
  The bells rang loud and long,
While round the ancient graveyard
  There gathered quite a throng.
The old daws on the turrets
  In fancy seemed to say,
Rojoice ye rustic people,
  For 'tis Jack's wedding day.

Ten carriages took us to church,
  All drawn by horses white,
While all the old maids vow'd there ne'er
  Was such a splendid sight.
Though honoured so I did regret
  To give the bride away,
And ne'er shall I find here below
  Another wedding day.

To tell the truth, I hardly thought
  Jack would a partner get,
So soon to be a married man,
  And leave me single yet.
But as odd things will come to pass,
  They must for me and may,
So let the social goblet pass,
  For 'tis Jack's wedding day.

Here's health unto his blooming bride;
  May Fortune kind remain;
May rosy bairns rise to revive
  Their kindred stock again.
And when the time is come—it will—
  When all must fade away,
May Jack and wife lie in one grave
  Upon their wedding day.

MELANCHOLY.

I AM sad, yea, sad and weary,
Weary of this world of woe;
Gloomy are the skies above me,
Dismal is the scene below.

Some bring hope and others pity,
But the gift that could relieve
Is a stranger to compassion—
Not my fortune to receive.

Friends I had, I could not number,
Whilst they drank my health in cheers,
Cheers that gave a solemn echo,
I may drink it but in tears.

Memory be not thou mistrustful,
Know that friendship's but a name,
Pity's but a rank delusion,
Love the counterfeit of shame.

THE VAGRANT.

A LITTLE girl with flaxen hair
  Stood singing in the street;
Her thread-bare garments hung in rags,
  Uncovered were her feet.

She sang a melancholy song,
  A song of truth and woe:
My mother's on her dying bed,
  My father lies below!

THE VAGRANT.

Good people listen to my cry,
  Give ear unto my prayer.
Hours dragged on; they pass'd her by;
  She still stood singing there.

Heedless of her, no mind had they
  To learn her wretched case;
Her fragile frame was doomed to share
  A cell within the place.

The place where thieves and drunkards meet—
  The truth must e'er be told—
That virgin, with her trembling feet,
  With garments wet and cold,

Was doomed to enter. All in vain
  She pleaded with her tears;
They heeded not her grievous pain,
  Nor yet her youthful years.

Ere morn her mother's spirit winged
  Its everlasting flight,
These words upon her dying lips
  That sad and weary night:—

May Heaven have mercy on my child;
  Look down with pity, Lord,
Upon my orphan girl, and shield
  Her from the devil's sword.

But lo! suspense can ne'er assail
  Her anxious mother's breast;
For ere the break of coming day
  Her child she was at rest.

THE PASSING BELL.

HARK! the mournful bell is tolling
  For a spirit fled,
Swift the clouds of time are rolling
  O'er head.
How the dagger of the conscience
  Pains the heart,
Whilst the stern feel of repentance
  Takes its part
In man's frail bosom, when he hears
  That sound for one
  Who forth has gone
From this sad vale of tears.

To the realms of woe or glory
  It hath fled,
We've no record of the story
  From the dead.

Yet a river lies between us
And the grave,
Calm and placid are its waters
To the brave.
But poor weak and faltering souls
Dread the stream,
And fear the dream
Which heavenly grace controls.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Little children come, I pray
One of your sweet stories tell;
Let me hear some pleasing lay
Of the flowers in yonder dell:
For my soul doth love to meet
You upon a summer's day,
And my heart rebounds to greet
The pleasure of your company.

Little children, yes, I love you,
You are fav'rites all with me,
Though, alas! I cannot woo
These moments of your gaiety.
But, my smiling dears, remember,
Though 'tis fair and warm July,
Coming is the bleak December,
And the future winter's nigh.

Little children ye are blessed
  With the power of joy and love;
Often are your forms caressed
  By the guardian power above.
Little children ye are marching
  To a bright though distant shore,
And the sun, though hot and parching,
  Soon may set to rise no more.

Little children whisper to me
  Every trouble, every care,
For in vain the world doth tell me
  Ye have nothing yet to bear.
Little children cease your crying,
  All is right, ah! laugh again,
For the spangled gem is dying,
  All your sorrow is in vain.

Little children come and twitter
  One of your amusing lays,
For without you life is bitter,
  Gloomy are our darkest days.
Little children night is nearing,
  Let me seal the parting kiss
On your lips, for ever fearing
  Any more to share your bliss.

TRUTHS OF LIFE.

MOURNFUL truths I fain would utter,
  Truths that all must shortly know,
Which the world's light hearted mutter,
  But the thoughtful really know.

We are living, wishing, waiting
  For great treasures here to day,
But, alas! to-morrow mating,
  Others that have passed away.

Mighty cities, boasting nations
  Sink before the threats of time,
Quick succeeding generations
  Muster at death's awful chime.

He stands knocking, bidding, calling,
  All must satisfy his claim,
Some like fruitless trees are falling,
  Mournful fuel for the flame.

Others with no sense of sadness
  At his stern command comply,
'Tis to them a scene of gladness
  And a glorious thing to die.

Life though sweet with all its treasures
  Cannot mitigate our doom,
Through its mingled toils and pleasures
  We are hastening to the tomb.

Let us then be up and ready,
  Every power of good unite,
In life's battle firm and steady,
  Heaven will not withhold our right.

For the camp lights shine before us
  On the hills of love and peace,
Soon the struggle will o'ertake us,
  Soon the glimmering watchfire cease.

When this life with all its wonder
  And this world with all its pain
Shall be quickly rent asunder,
  May we at his right remain.

THE DEATH OF COUNT CAVOUR.

ITALY once more weeping, Italy once more sad,
Thy fates again are gloomy, thy fortune must be mad,
Thy enemy cometh creeping in a black toga clad.

'Tis war, war he declareth, oh! Italy weep again,
Though not against thy people but thy best of men,
There is not one he spareth though tears may fall like rain.

Thy great leader, Count Cavour, level death has laid
Upon his tidal billow to seek his darksome shade:
Alas! for he is no more, his debt of nature's paid.

No more, alas! no more, Italy shall thy fate
Disturb his weary senses to a far brighter state;
Lo! triumphant he is bore, whilst thou art desolate.

But O, may fortune leaven thy determin'd end,
Thy sun is shining brightly while earthly powers portend,
Yet, yet that gracious heaven a future bright will send.

Arise then, weeping maiden, dry up thy falling tears,
Thy rising star is brightening, dispel thy doubting fears,
Thy fame is never fading, unhurt by rolling years.

Though dark the present hour when thy lov'd chief has fled
The stage of mortal glory, bear honor to thy dead;
This be thy anxious prayer that angels crown his head.

Italy once more weeping o'er thy chieftain's tomb,
This be thy consolation, Heaven has sealed his doom,
Angels guard his sleeping till the world to come.

DEATH.

O TELL me not in fabled breath
  Our life is but a span,
Nor bid me fear the courts of death,
  When there's no death for man.

Sing not the outward crumbling clay,
  The poor and feeble mould
That's in its pride and might to-day,
  To-morrow stiff and cold.

Sing not the fragile tender frame,
  That totters in the wind,
That meets destruction in the flame,
  But sing the soul—the mind.

Sing not the fading flower that's blithe
  To greet the morning sun,
But falls before the cutting scythe
  Of Death before the noon.

Sing not the rolling wave of time,
  Upon life's boisterous sea;

But sing the truth of truths sublime,
  A bright eternity.

Sing not the dark Plutonic grove,
  Sing not the sinner's doom;
But sing the song of joys above,
  Of joys beyond the tomb.

Strike not the chords to solemn songs,
  Chant not the lays of death;
That he can harm our earthly throngs
  In mere and fabled breath.

Let not the melancholy tear
  Our faltering spirits move,
For death is but a messenger
  To guide us safe above.

GOD'S ACRE.

There is a spot beneath the sky
  Where death's pale flowerets bloom,
And where the greatest actions lie
  Of man beneath the tomb.

God's Acre is the sacred ground
  Where heavenly glories shed
Their vast solemnities around,
  Amid the slumb'ring dead.

Where gleamings of the world above
  Steal on the human mind,
Where ghastly spirits ere remove
  The soul to fate consigned.

Where pomp and pride belie decay,
  Humanity its trust,
And all that's earthly fades away
  To mingle with the dust.

THE MONTHS AND SEASONS.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

O MEEK-BORN visitor again
  We greet thy presence dear,
The blasts of winter strive in vain
  To mark thy absence here.
Fair nursling of the blustering storm,
  Let us thy welcome sing;
O let us hail thy smiling form,
  Blest harbinger of Spring.

Like some kind virgin warm with love
  The wounded warrior cheers,
Born with a mind that's fram'd above,
  No grief nor danger fears.
In spite of nipping, frosty gales,
  Thou quit'st thy tomb again,
O fair-clad fairy of the dales,
  Sweet charmer of the plain.

O brave-born gem of winter time,
  Thou cheer'st the heart of man,
Thou bid'st his spell-bound spirit climb,
  Omnipotence to scan.
Thou mark'st a brighter season's birth,
  Let us thy praises sing,
O darling of the snow-clad earth,
  Blest harbinger of Spring.

MAY.

Hail! O month delightful,
  Fairest of the fair,
Well beloved and joyful
  Thy merry visits are;
Who load'st the earth with flowers,
  The trees with blossoms gay,
The songsters from the bowers
  Salute thee, happy May.

Hail! lovely messenger,
  Now Hyem's fled again,
Thou art the harbinger
  Of bright summer's reign;

O let us weave a loyal wreath,
  And sing a festive lay,
Adorn thee with the flowering heath,
  And crown thee, smiling May.

I hear the cuckoo's voice;
  The linnet's lightsome song
Bids every mind rejoice,
  While scenes enchanting throng
Their joys on nature's children free,
  Who wish thee on thy way
Farewell, in strains of melody,
  O charming month of May.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

Off, far away, to the thick green wood,
  Where the wild woodbine is clinging,
When the brake and the forest of beechen wood
  With the shrill death-sounds are ringing.
Then gang away to the sylvan glade,
  And the time you'll e'er remember,
When you quaffed the ale 'neath the oaken shade
  On the first of brown September.

Bid the old hound wag his tail with joy,
  When he hears the report of the volley,
But if he consumeth the game, old boy,
  No doubt he'll lament his folly.
Though nought comes ill to the sportsman's day,
  As the covey lies dead to a member,
He loads again, and bounds away
  On the first of brown September.

Then off, far away, to the scenes you love,
  When the autumn sun shines pleasant,
O'er the hills of the blooming heather rove,
  In chase of the silver pheasant.
As the gun explodes, and poor puss dies
  At your feet, you'll well remember
The jovial times, and the joy that lies
  In the sports of brown September.

NOVEMBER.

Lo! dark November mounts her throne again,
  At her right hand the grim destroyer stands;
The fallen foliage rolls along the plain,
  And swollen streams run quickly through the lands.

The cheerful hamlet of the silent vale
  Bows to the might of winter's rigid sway;
The petted redbreast tells her yearly tale,
  And rustic neighbours chat the hours away;
While flaming bonfires light the borough square,
  And grand processions on the festive night,
With sounds harmonious, rend the misty air,
  The blazing torches shine with radiant light.
Elate with joy, they drink in crimson wine
  Their townsman's health, who mounts the civic chair;
Opposing chiefs, with adverse patriots dine,
  And sturdy heroes hail the new-made Mayor.
With glees and songs the spacious halls rebound;
  Toast follows toast, until the midnight chime
Of twelve o'clock repeats its ponderous sound,
  When home they hasten, at the threat of time.
So interests common to the fate of all,
  And scenes alike in every month renew
Their gracious smiles, successively they fall,
  In age's current disappear from view.
Farewell! November, with thy foggy days,
  For in the distance looms the Christmas King;
The winter's gloom he pierceth with his rays,
  And cheers the advent of approaching Spring.

DECEMBER.

Last in the train, the old monarchial guest,
December crowns the efforts of the rest,
He brings the finale of another year,
While mortals tremble at his threat severe.
But all alike must humble to their fate,
As years press on, receive increasing weight,
Till death at last his easy visit pays,
To close the life of seasons, months, and days.
Another bubble on the rolling tide
Of age is bursting out in circle wide,
Swiftly it cometh, swiftly it floweth on,
To swell the whirlpool of oblivion.
So months arrive, in rapid turn pursue
Their hasty march and vanish from our view;
Bubbles arise upon the boundless stream
And disappear—the relics of a dream.
Years fly on, regardless of our bloom,
Each day makes less our journey to the tomb;
But, Lo! behold the Christmas King appears,
The cheerful guest of this and former years;
Join the loud chorus of terrestrial mirth,
And hail the era of his joyful birth.

Though winter's breath adds chillness to the scene,
Let cheerful mirth triumphant reign within;
But in your mirth remember well the poor
And houseless wretch who crawls from door to door.
Few more Decembers may return to bless
Each cot, each mansion with such happiness.

O, COME DELIGHTFUL SPRING.

O, come delightful spring,
  Month of the fairies come
And bid thy modest gems again
  Forsake the wint'ry tomb.
    With dripping showers
    And opening flowers
  Make thy abiding here,
    Deck with flowers
    This land of ours
  Blest virgin of the year.

O, come delightful spring,
  We love thy smile to greet,
We love to watch in grove and dell
  The tracing of thy feet.
    We love to hear the song
    Rebound through woods along,

From songsters blythe and gay,
  To hear the mystic throng
  In nature's tuneful tongue
Sing winter far away.

O, come delightful spring,
  Our rustic homes to cheer,
O, bring us brighter promises
  Of a fairer, happier year.
    Season of life,
    When the winter's strife
  Is hush'd to its long, long rest,
    We love to greet
    Thy presence sweet
  And hail thy coming blest.

ADIEU TO WINTER.

Good bye, old man, good bye,
  Dripping is thy beard,
And in the morning sky
  The song of the laverock's heard.
Good bye old frosty king,
  For the southern breezes hie
To kiss wi' the flowers of spring—
  Good bye, old man, good bye.

Good bye, thou brave old guest,
  No honest heart shall deign
To banish from the breast
  The memories of thy reign.
Good bye, old honoured sire,
  Thy time has come to die;
For the golden streaks of fire
  Illume the dawning sky.

Good bye, old man, good bye,
  No more thy voice I hear,
And from thy closing eye
  I watch the trickling tear.
Now with thy father's dust
  Sleep, sleep old stormy king,
And leave thy sceptre'd trust
  To thy beauteous princess—spring.

SPRING.

Lo! ghastly winter quits the scene,
  His rigid rule is past,
Triumphant spring surmounts the throne,
  And calms the chilly blast.

Again delightful Nature sees
  Her jewels leave the tomb:
Behold, array'd in graceful hues,
  Her sprightly beauties bloom.

While at the early dawn of day
  The cuckoo charms the ear,
With merry voice proclaims her reign—
  O, welcome messenger.

Resplendent in the glorious sky
  Bright Phœbus gilds the dawn,
He paints the chambers of the east
  And hails the blushing morn.

With gladsome rush the little stream,
  No more by fetters bound,
Through flowery mead pursues its course,
  Through vale and hallow'd ground.

O, may we ever here below
  Her lovely graces sing,
Rejoice that blustering winter's o'er,
  And greet the birth of spring.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

Beautiful spring, thou comest again
  With dew dripping garments to sprinkle the plain,
Thy presence in woodland, grove, forest and vale,
  O, season of gladness we joyfully hail.
Beautiful spring, sweet memories cling
Around thy return, O beautiful spring.

Beautiful spring, thou crownest the site
  Of the hillock with peerless snowdrops white,
The hedgerow queen, the violet smiles
  On the sunny banks by the favourite stiles.
Beautiful spring what dost thou bring?
Flowers, sweet flowers, O beautiful spring.

Beautiful spring from every tree
  Singing birds herald thy coming in glee,
The swallow revisits our milder born clime,
  The shores of old England in merry spring time.
Beautiful spring, what dost thou bring?
Swallows and singing birds, beautiful spring.

Beautiful spring thy reign is gay
  With the graceful blossoms of charming May;
While Iris tells of the scenes we love,
  When the fairies seek the moonlight grove.
Beautiful spring, what dost thou bring?
Blossoms and promises, beautiful spring.

A SUMMER SONG.

Come let me sing some happy strain,
  Come let me sing some cheerful air;
I'll think my childhood's back again,
  I'll bid farewell to prowling care.
O let me chant some joyous rhyme,
  For to these scenes do joys belong;
Behold, 'tis summer's sweetest time,
  Then let me sing a summer song.

The flocks are bleating on the hills,
  While nature's music fills the grove,
The soul of man with pleasure fills,
  The heart of man is prone to love.
O let me chant a joyous lay,
  For to these scenes do joys belong;
'Tis summer all the live-long day,
  O let me sing a summer song.

AUTUMN.

Again the cheerful spring hath flown
  With all its pearly showers,
In fleeting age the summer's gone
  With all its perfumed flowers.
No more the cuckoo's blithesome note
  Resoundeth in the grove,
No songsters twitter in the holt
  Their canticles of love.

No more doth Flora strew the lawn
  With gems of sprightly hue,
No dew drops glitter on the thorn
  As they were wont to do.
But all is past, the scenes of spring
  Are records ever flown,
They glitter on the transient wing
  Of time, and they are gone.

Quick o'er the stubbled plain the hound
  Pursues the timid hare,
Sly reynard hears the hunter's sound
  And creepeth to his lair.

Thick stand the ricks of golden grain
  Around the rustic dome;
For long ago the creaking wain
  Hath borne the harvest home.

So golden Autumn comes to bless,
  Her turn with riches crown'd,
The purple current from the press
  Imbues the sacred ground.
All nature's pending to decay,
  Perfection's wreck is nigh,
The fading relics of the spray
  Successive fall and die.

HARVEST HOME.

I LOVE to see the old oak bear,
  The litter of the golden sheaf;
I love to read those records rare,
  That fill the page of Autumn's leaf;
I love to see a cheerful smile
  Alight upon the peasant's cheek,
Whose thoughts no downcast looks beguile,
  Whose mighty arm is seldom weak.

I love to hear the mirthful sound
  That issues from the humble cot,
Where hearts in happiness rebound
  And plenty crowns their joyful lot.
Though last, but surely not the least,
  May gracious blessings e'er alight
On him who shares his fruitful feast
  And spares the widow's humble mite.

I love to hear the early lark,
  That tuneful minstrel of the sky;
The bat and screeching owl at dark,
  With them in gladness would I fly:
But still I love, yea better far
  Than Livy's festal lay of Rome
To hear those sounds, that cleave the air,
  Of joyful, welcome "harvest home."

HARVEST.

Now with delight the joyous farmer smiles
  To view his ripening fields,
Outstretch'd o'er hills through dales for many miles
  As golden shields,
They glitter in the rays of splendour
As fair Sol with dying grandeur,
  Fruitful harvest seals.

Again with joy the sun-burnt reaper plies
The sharpen'd blade,
The loaded sheaf he gathers as it dies,
And studs the glade
With noble shocks, as heaps of fallen men,
In battle vanquish'd, lo! they crowd the plain
To die and fade.

With cheerfulness the widow gleaner views
Her portion there,
No English farmer will her mite refuse,
But bid her share
His plenteous riches, while to each is given
The fate of life, they both desire in heaven
A better fare.

CHRISTMAS.

Come, people, sing the songs again
You oft have sung before;
Swell loud the high exalting strain,
The strain of ancient yore,
For merry Christmas, smiling king,
Again appears on earth,

He heraldeth another spring,
  The coming season's birth.
    With ivy deck the castle wall,
      On light fantastic toe
    Lead off the dance, amid them all
      Suspend the kissing bough.

Though wintry blasts blow cold without,
  Let all be bustle in;
Then youths and merry maidens shout,
  To welcome Christmas in.
O let the village bells resound
  With peals of festive mirth,
To tell the people far around
  When Christ appear'd on earth.
    With ivy deck, &c.

Both old and young unite to sing
  The sinking year's adieu;
As ivy to the oak doth cling,
  So age will cling to you.
As one by one they flee away,
  'Tis Christmas, merry king,
Who comes to pave the future way,
  And hail the blushing spring.
    With ivy deck, &c.

ANOTHER ON CHRISTMAS.

Ye sons of earth rejoice
  That Christmas comes again;
O laud with merry voice
  The glories of his reign.

Hark! the angels sing,
  In hymns of festive song,
The glories of their king;—
  O hear the heavenly throng.

Ye minstrels here below,
  Attune your sacred lyres,
And run the stanzas through,
  In their harmonious fires.

Ye saints the chorus swell
  To Bethlehem's shining Star;
Join the celestial peal,
  And sound His praise afar.

Ye worldly hosts return
  To grateful duty mild;
O bid the nations learn
  When Christ was but a child.

HURRA! FOR CHRISTMAS FARE.

HURRA! hurra! for good old Christmas fare;
Plum puddings hot, boar's head, and roasted hare.
May stately nobles greet the jovial time,
And workhouse boys reiterate the chime.
May well-fed turkeys grace the creaking boards,
And England's children wield their "piece-full" swords
With chines of beef; of these may paupers stuff,
John Bull ne'er cry, "my boys, hold, hold—enough."

THE SONG OF THE YULE LOG.

HERE'S to the Log, the merrie Yule Log,
  Who bringeth us joy once more;
All through the land let us welcome the brand,
  And hail the old monarch of yore.
There's joy in the blaze, as burning he lays,
  And love in the hearts all around;
Beside his red fire, who have the desire,
  O let us peal forth a glad sound.
                Here's to the log, &c.

He heraldeth mirth to the toilers of earth :
  Old winter may frown and may jeer ;
His tempests blow not to that sacred spot
  Where lieth the log of the year.
On the social old hearth, in his garment of swarth,
  Safe sentry he keepeth again ;
Of glee he reminds—far away with the winds,
  He sendeth displeasure and pain.
                Here's to the log, &c.

He bringeth no ill, but good heartedness still
  Doth follow him here in his track ;
And all ye gay souls, come drain out the bowls,
  The bowls of the choicest old sack.
Be glad, ye light hearts, where from henceforth departs
  All sorrow and sadness severe ;
Come, welcome again, from the snowy-clad plain,
  The guest of the bonnie old year.
                Here's to the log, &c.

Then here's to the Log, the merrie Yule Log,
  The log of the festive yore ;
Let us lightly tread, when the year is dead,
  On the turf that wraps him o'er.
When the frosts of time weave the crystal rime
  On the heads of those now young,
May the bowl pass round, and their domes resound
  With the song of the Yule Log sung.
                Here's to the log, &c.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

O COME, let us sing a right jolly good song,
  And sing it right joyfully too;
O let us with gladness, the young and the old,
  The feast of King Christmas renew.
'Tis the season of pleasure, the season of mirth;
  Come let us live happily now,
And slay all our troubles and trials of earth
  Beneath the green mistletoe bough.
                Beneath the green, &c.

Come, fathers and mothers, dear sisters and brothers,
  Let no burden'd spirit advance;
O let your glad souls be not yours, but another's,
  And join in the old fashion'd dance.
Call plaster-faced Tom from the dull counting-house,
  And burly-faced Bob from the plough,
And all meet again, in the old manor house,
  Beneath the green mistletoe bough.
                Beneath the green, &c.

O come ye old ringers, ring out a good peal,
  To celebrate Christmas again,

And ye shall drink healths, and rejoice in the weal
  That comes with his glorious reign.
O bid the kirk towers vibrate with the noise,
  And kick up a jolly good row,
Whilst all round the village the lasses and boys
  Kiss under the mistletoe bough.
                Kiss under the mistletoe, &c.

Come, bring out the flute and the old violin,
  And let us unite in a chime,
A chime of good hearts, and a welcome within,
  To the King of the merry-born time.
O let us be merry and glad, nor despair,
  Though troubles may bully the brow;
The season is past, and no trouble is here
  Beneath the green mistletoe bough.
                Beneath the green, &c.

Say not you have sorrow, say not you have woe,
  But drown it all deep in the bowl;
You'll find in old Bacchus to mourning a foe,
  For he is a jolly good soul.
So bring out the liquors, and bring out the wine—
  Have none of that squeamish bow wow;
And ne'er for the deeds of the morrow repine
  Beneath the green mistletoe bough.
                Beneath the green, &c.

If the old year is dying—hurra! let him die,
  Nor grieve for the time that has flown;
His lamp has burnt out, in the tomb he must lie,
  And we are fast travelling on.
In autumn, in winter, in summer and spring,
  Let us each others happiness vow;
But as it is Christmas, O let us all sing
  The song of the mistletoe bough.
The song of the mistletoe bough, &c.

ODES.

ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

O PLACID nymph, of wisdom's dearest wile,
On human scenes pray cast thy sacred smile.
Smile on the monarch's fate, the peasant's lot,
Bequeath thy blessings to the throne and cot.
Place thy bright standard in the human breast,
And set its every idle thought at rest.
Show man that rust and stern corruptions spoil,
Consume th' attainments of his fruitless toil.
The empty virtues of that course reveal,
Where moths destroy, and thieves break through and steal.
Teach him to hoard no paltry treasure here,
But look on high, and frame his portion there,
Where fortune's blessings never never dies.
No disappointment lurks within the prize
Where envied treasures never find decay,

No sinful thief can bear the gem away.
Tell man on earth, though better he may fare,
Yet in the grave that all are equal there;
For death alike his ghastly visit pays,
O'er rich and poor alike his sceptre sways:
The sad, the thoughtful, and the gay and blithe,
All disappear before his powerful scythe.
May thy fair influence to the mind be given,
To live below in glorious hope of heaven.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.

April 25th.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye motley throng
  Of England's merry clime;
Pour forth a tune of wholesome song,
For to these times do such belong,
  Yea, 'tis a joyful time.

The comely Princess of our isle
  Hath reached the pleasing age
Of youth; bid fortune on her smile,
True virtue grant its dearest wile,
  And love her heart engage.

Love not for pomp or worldly gear,
  But love for modest fame;
Love not for dazzling honours here,
Love not for gems that to the bier
  Bespeak too common claim.

Love not for fading joys of earth,
  Or for this transient scene,
But love to frame the tender birth
Of happiness and sacred worth
  Enjoyed by Britain's Queen.

Rejoice, rejoice, O people sing
  In honour of this day;
As she emergeth from the spring
Of life, her future fortune sing
  In a true and festive lay.

TO THE MEMORY OF CHAUCER.

I HOLD no laurel for a conqueror's brow,
No warrior's fate doth form my subject now,
But one who lies
Beneath the sepulchre of polished stone,
Who long hath gone, his heritage to own
Above the skies.

The noble father of a luckless race
Who treated, never with a purpl'd face,
The songs of earth.
No sentimental scribbler with his pen,
He wrote, and struck deep to the hearts of men,
In strains of worth.

No Cupid's shaft, however fierce and keen,
Wavered his thought, or moved his mighty pen,
Or roused to sing
His tongue, the servant of majestic thought,
Stooped to no second master, acts he wrought
I cannot sing.

May peace, blest peace, eternal joys await
His soul of truth, at yon celestial gate
Of endless bliss.
May angel throngs salute the luckless bard,
And heaven itself have merciful regard
To fate like his.

TO LOVE.

Sweet spirit, blest angelic flame,
O bid me feel thy power,
Let my poor soul thy spirit claim
In every anxious hour.

Sweet joy, blest treasure unconfin'd,
All can thy goodness share,
The highest and the lowest mind
Thy sweet memorials bear.

Nor let me sing thy song in vain,
Now thou my heart hast got,
Or sound for nought the merry strain
To Annie in the grot.

Be not fictitious, amorous boy,
  Unmindful of thy slave,
Nor smiling, every hope destroy,
  When fortune cannot save.

Be not derisive in the play,
  Or generous with thy frown;
O be to-morrow as to-day,
  My darling of renown.

And then my heart shall yield anew
  Reciprocating prayers;
Thou shalt my constant thoughts imbue,
  And soothe my weary cares.

I'll envy not ambitious fame,
  The world, nor yet its lore
Shall tempt me, if thy cheerful flame
  I have, I want no more.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S FAVOURITE DOG.

Ah! faithful dog, no more the timid hare
Thou'lt chase, or rouse the rabbit from its lair;
In peace thou sleeps beneath the mossy turf,

Thy bark is wreck'd upon death's cruel surf;
But no more storm—unlike us mortals here—
Thy struggle's past, thou'st nothing left to fear.
No more thou'lt pace the yellow fields of corn
With thy fond master, at day's early dawn;
No more thou'lt slumber on the cushion'd chair,
Or run beside the old grey favourite mare;
No more at kirk thou'lt raise thy wondering eyes,
Or, with a whine, evince thy great surprise;
No more across the leafy lane thou'lt stray,
And kill the stoat that passeth o'er the way.
No more to market wilt thou run beside
The gig, or homeward 'neath the apron ride;
Nor ford the stream to catch the active rat,
Or wage a quarrel with the scratching cat.
With fixed eye no more thy master watch,
Who hurls the crust within thy eager catch.
But though thou'rt dead, thy likeness still remains,
And plainly, in a farmer's feeling, reigns
Thy worth, who could not check the rolling tear;
I need not say he was a bachelor.
But truly faithful, yea, thy virtues were,
No brutish kind—few men such reason share,
To please their masters, humble to remain,
Patient in trouble, ne'er downcast by pain,
Alas! thou'rt gone, the lady of thy race,
And playful Rove supplies thy absent place.

A WOOD IDYLL.

Upon a Syrian mount a mansion stood,
  A goodly sight for eyes to gaze upon;
A lake below, on other sides a wood,
  Through which the breezes swept with joyful song,
While other charms of nature made the scene
A spot of beauty, and a sight serene.

'Twas here a Princess liv'd, with king and queen,
  Shut from the world of pleasures light and gay;
Lock'd up, they thought her quite secure from sin,
  As snow storms, happening on a summer's day;
But fruitless are the pains, as truth will prove,
Old people take, to bar against young love.

A hunting party had withdrawn the pack,
  Night coming on, to turn their homeward way.
'Twas summer time, when Friars brew their sack,
  And merry maidens through the woodlands stray,
A youth, but bursting from the bud of life,
Who ne'er before had thought of love or wife,

THE WOOD IDYLL.

Spied Celine, though to him before unknown,
  Prostrate and bleeding on the fertile ground.
Beside her laid a large unweildy stone,
  Though no one else could he perceive around.
He from his saddle sprung—O envious task,
Gave her to drink from his refreshing flask.

She drank; the goodly mixture soon revived
  Her sinking soul, and as she spoke he prayed,
And thank'd his Maker that a maiden lived
  To love again. He wept beneath the shade.
The Princess, smiling, told him all the tale,
Nor feared at home the dark and furious gale.

She lov'd a stripling, who that very night
  Demanded of her life's involving word,
"I will." But, overcome by sudden fright,
  She pierced his feelings with a plunging sword.
"I can't," she said, "I cannot say I'm yours,
"For fear of quarrels, and home's civil wars."

He, notwithstanding of his love before,
  Cried, "Death relieve me," with his dagger bare
He, with a blow, struck to his inmost core.
  She cried, "O let me thy sad portion share.
"'Tis better much to die, than live below
"A pilgrimage of cold and loveless woe."

He answered not, but, reeling on the earth,
  Gasp'd forth his last groan with a fearful sound.
She cried, "O Zur, return. Forego thy birth,
  "Or strike me lifeless on this gory ground."
Dying, she bathed his features with her tears,
And cried in vain for death to calm her fears.

"Thou shalt not die," cried he, "O fairest maid,
  "But live with me, and be my chosen wife;
"While Zur shall sleep beneath the peaceful shade,
  "Give back to me, I gave to thee thy life."
She but replied, "Kind youth, thy will shall be
"Perfected in my future destiny."

A week had passed, the lovers had combined
  Opposing prospects, to one sweet desire.
To fate her parents' minds became resigned,
  Feeling the folly of mispointed ire.
They liv'd together long, a man and wife,
Blest with the comforts of a happy life.

LEGENDS.

LINCOLNSHIRE YELLOWBREASTS.

My friends, my Lincolnshire friends, my best friends, allow me to tell you why you are called by this curious name. Once upon a time, when a many uncommon things came to pass, Alfred, a mighty man of our delightful and far-famed county — why is it far-famed, you may say? Why, because the Manchester merchant will travel two hundred miles for our corn, and the alderman of Birmingham will not thank his spouse for his tea if the table *sans* our delicious butter. The biggest man in the world—of the latter days at least—lived in Lincolnshire, and no doubt would have been no greater than ordinary individuals if he had stopped in other counties. But stop, I have begun gossiping. To the point. This Alfred journeyed to the southern parts of England, to seek curiosities for his observations in natural history. After wandering about the hills, and collecting here an insect and there a bird, or catching a fish, he chanced to spy something of a yellow

colour lying on the grass by the side of a stream. He instantly made for the place, and found it to be a most extraordinary animal, such a one, indeed, as he had never seen before. It looked to him like an unfledged bird; and, by the fact of it having a yellow breast, he concluded it must be a species of lark. At once making off with his prize, he put it into a cage, fed it carefully, treated it most tenderly, and piped to it in the dark, for the purpose of teaching it to sing.

After keeping it a considerable time, and not thinking it made any advancement in singing; and, moreover, not growing any larger, though uglier and more curious, he showed it to some friends, whose confidence he enjoyed, who, wondering at his Quixotish idea, pronounced it to be nothing but a common frog; and from his persisting in the opinion, from its yellow breast, that it was a lark, from that time, my friends, we have been branded with this name. Alfred at last, being exasperated, took the fabled lark from the cage, and, throwing it into a pond, thought it would instantly be drowned. But lo! all it did was to turn over, and show him its yellow breast.

I will now give another legend, or rather tradition, of our county. Though but a short one, yet it contains a replete account of the dangers that attended the lives of our forefathers, through the clangs of those ferocious and cruel animals the Witches. Truly our forefathers stood in need of the bravery awarded to them by the oral narratives handed down in each of our families.

BILLY SHUFFLER AND THE LINCOLNSHIRE WITCHES.

'Tis a long time ago, indeed so long that the old veteran of the village clans in which I reside, can but faintly remember hearing the following tale from the lips of his old Uncle Richard, now dead and gone. On a Christmas Eve, as they sat by the smouldering Yule Log on the ancient hearth—I will give it *verbatim*, but he being old and feeble, you must make every allowance for these inaccuracies, which the partial loss of his faculties occasioned.

At the time when this remarkable occurrence took place, Lincolnshire had many extensive woods or forests, with many streamlets, which caused it to be the favourite resort of wraiths and witches, who were, as old records tell us, very ferocious and cruel. The writer of this tale never had the pleasure, or rather the horror, of seeing one; but an aunt of one of his acquaintances once knew a man who had a cousin who knew a boy that was carried away by them,

and boiled in their infernal cauldrons; and on the very spot, he told me, the spirit of the poor boy was still to be seen wandering about, with a broomstick growing out of his neck, and a tin pot in his hand. It may be true, I cannot tell; and, at my advanced age, I think it hardly worth while making any eager search to fathom the mystery of the tale.

'Tis now two hundred years ago, when the remarkable affair that constitutes the old man's narrative took place. By all means light the candles in the halls of your country mansions, lest there be a timid lady or gentleman amongst you, fancying your features to be those of an old Nannie ordering my narrative to be given to the flames, and summoning me to appear before my superiors for relating such a shocking story.

The melancholy fact occurred on a Christmas Eve, in the Longwood, that stretched several miles in a south-easterly direction from the city of Lincoln.

The remnants of the huge fires were smouldering on the hearths of an old baronial mansion, the old stag-hound lay sleeping by the side of the dying embers, the lord and lady were lost in the rapturous fancies of dreamy death, the servants had long since retired to their respective apartments. Without all was still. Nature itself seemed basking beneath the resplendent luminary of light. No more the cattle rattled the chains that confined them in their respective stalls: they were at rest with creation's Lord, and silence reigned

O'er territories vast,
Solemn, but serene;

When lo! a fearful shriek and the clatter of horses' feet awoke the butler from his slumber. Startled at the sounds beneath his window, but too afraid to make any alarm, he lay in breathless anxiety, wondering what was to come to pass. In a few minutes he distinctly heard a yelling on the other side of the mansion, when he expected soon to hear his lordship enquiring of him the cause of the unearthly disturbance. Presently, to his discomposure and terror, alarming sounds from his master's chamber rattled in his ears. He flew thither, and what a scene! Her ladyship was fainting in the arms of her husband, while the wild countenances of the whole household—now collected—presented the subject of the most tragic drama ever represented on the stage of fiction or reality. But, to their dismay, they beheld the cot empty, and the child and heir was gone, which accounted for her ladyship's dilemma! Summoned at last to resolution, they endeavoured to find out the causes of the sudden disappearance of the child, when Billy Shuffler, the gardener, bawled out, "It's the witches. I'se seen 'em afore in the parks and gardens. They'll boil the kid in their cauldrons, and make charms on his bones."

Another shriek, louder than before, burst from her ladyship, who was fast recovering; but, through the injudicious remark of silly Billy Shuffler, she fell senseless on the floor, crying, "Oh! my child, my poor child!" "I'll sattle 'em, that I will," cried Shuffler, and, with a knowing grin, he squared himself as if to engage in deadly combat. Her ladyship, eventually partially recovered, was left with her

female attendants, locked in the bedchamber, when his lordship and servants, armed to the teeth, started to the rescue of the innocent but unfortunate child.

They rushed to the stables, but imagine their surprise to find the members of the equine race were *non est;* and, as the moon was riding beneath a dark cloud, they plainly beheld in the distance the infernal beldames galloping through the woods, mounted on his lordship's steeds, while the trains of light that accompanied them presented a dazzling and hellish scene.

Their best means of pursuing the reckless hags having gone, they shouldered their bludgeons, and, encouraged by the reward offered by his lordship, started eagerly on the track of the evil spirits. But Billy Shuffler, who was brave before, seeing the flames of the witches, and hearing their dismal howls, grew somewhat doubtful of the speculative fancy of pursuing them, and gradually fell behind the heels of the party. By degrees the gap increased; and, the night growing more inky, he felt galled at the adventure, and lost himself in the tangled thickets.

After his lordship and party had gone a few miles, they came to the mouth of a dark and hideous cave, when, to their glad surprise, they beheld the child lying on the ground unhurt, as if left in the hurried flight of the witches. So taking it in his arms, his lordship, with two armed servants, started for the mansion with the found treasure.

The rest remained, if possible, to obtain the horses, which they heard distinctly walking in the dark recesses of the cave; and, having the courage to await the eventful

issue, they had the satisfaction of beholding them walk out unattended by the spirits.

Having captured them, they immediately mounted; and, after riding a few miles, they met the long-lost Billy Shuffler, whom they had thought either devoured by the wraithes or swallowed up by some dangerous pond or ditch.

They had, lucky as it was, one horse with them, "Old Simon," which Shuffler undertook to pilot. He was no sooner in the pigskin, when suddenly the vengeful cries of the witches, for their lost treasure, were heard behind.

And with the wind
The speedier horses flew,
But Shuffler's stubborn horse,
Alas! what must he do?
For like a forest tree,
Dripping with sweat,
He stood upon the lea;
While Billy screamed with all his might,
Which only made his horse's fright
The worse, for like a fiction'd sprite
He stood,

I should think in a speculative mood, or lost in the rhapsody of forming a delicious meal for the hags of the caverns.

Like Paris-plaster white,
He dare not stir a peg,
Nan swore she'd make him fight,
And call'd her sister Meg.

The flaring sprite was coming fast
  Unto the place he stood,
He dash'd his heels in Simon's side,
  And rush'd into the wood.

Now Shuffler, worthiest of his name
  Reclasp'd the club he held,
And vow'd he'd kill the biggest witch
  That e'er was in the world.
Old Simon now grew better far,
  He gallop'd fast and strong,
While Shuffler sang a merrier song,
  As swift he rode along;

But, mistaking the road through the woods, to his horrible surprise he came to the mouth of the infernal cave, where he beheld the cauldrons boiling over the red-hot fires, and distinctly heard the sounds of the fiendish clang rebound from the depths of its corridors.

He look'd no more, but at his front
  A brimstone carcase stood!
She swore that night she'd break his bones,
  And suck his crimson blood.
And as he heard the crackling sticks.
  And smelt the smoking stew,
Old Simon bounded off again,
  And through the forest flew.

But helter skelter flew the witch,
  And settled on his back,
Then with his pond'rous club he gave
  Her such a mighty thwack:
She fell upon the cold, cold ground,
  He thought she there must die,
But, at his peril, he beheld
  Her sail across the sky.

His courage sank, and sank again,
  His heart could hardly beat,
The sweat—although 'twas winter time—
  Roll'd off in drops of heat.
He look'd behind, alas! he saw
  Old Nan, with broomstick thick,
And heard her cry, "O harra scan,
  Thy blude my cubs shall lick."

Lo! faster flew the frightened horse,
  Before the blacken'd queen,
And Shuffler wish'd within his heart
  That he had never been.
And as he gallop'd o'er the plain,
  With fear and stifled breath,
He heard the fearful mandrake groan—
  A certain sign of death.

And thus for miles, and ne'er, I vow,
  Did he once cease to scream,

Until he came to Dunston Beck,
  When he bounded o'er the stream.
But Simon, wearied with the chase,
  Fell backwards in the flood;
Nan claim'd the grey steed for her prize,
  And rode him through the wood.

Bill fell into a slumber deep,
  And when he woke again,
He laid upon a cotter's bed,
  Who liv'd upon the plain.
A many blessings to the man,
  He gave in accents hoarse;
But when he came unto himself,
  He cried, "O where's my horse?"

He look'd around with nervous grin,
  And twitch'd his wrinkl'd face;
His coat stunk foul of brimstone vile,
  And hung in shreds like lace;
His hat was gone, and on his beak
  A scar was to be seen,
Blended in colours rich and fine—
  Deep blue and Lincoln green.

He limp'd about just like a cur
  Wopp'd in a snarling fight;
A broomstick wound, deep in his rump,
  Let in the clear daylight.

Besides, the wounds of Nanny's claws
  Dispell'd all doubt and fear
That Shuffler, warrior for his lord,
  Had fought a fight severe.

Patches of gore besmear'd his frame,
  Dishevell'd hung his hair,
His whiskery chops were scarified,
  And look'd like fallows bare.
His gingery brows had said good night,
  And left the hills of dust,
And Billy's face, for all the world,
  Was like a burnt pie crust.

But having got his wounds bound up,
  And inward man supplied,
He thought 'twas time he should return,
  But, lo! he could not ride.
In vain he raved, in vain he cried,
  "O Simon, where art thou?"
For Simon answer'd not, alas!
  As he was eaten now.

The man remark'd, "No horse had thou,
  As lonely on the grass,
And frozen soon thou must have been,
  Had I not chanced to pass."
Old Shuffler now look'd quite as brave
  As if he'd slain the hag,

But pray'd that he might never meet
Another Nan or Mag.

So having requited the worthy cottager, for the assistance he had offered him, Shuffler started for the mansion, which was a few miles distant. Arriving there, he told his wonderful tale, and related his marvellous escape from the infernal spirits; and not without pride did he show the marks of Nan's claws indented in his skin; and always, with a smile upon his face, but with a shrug of terror, did he relate his adventures on that night.

Returning to the fate of the child, his lordship returned safely with it to the mansion; and the whole household will ever remember the eventful period when the wraithes bore away the innocent infant, and almost succeeded in carrying Billy Shuffler to their hideous abode; and when, too true, alas! the faithful Simon fell a victim to their vengeance, and was cooked in their cauldrons at the mouth of their horrible den.

And at its mouth old Simon yet
Is ofttimes seen to stray,
And it is call'd "Old Simon's Cave"
Unto this very day.
For with his flesh they held a feast;
The witches, old and young,
With yells danc'd round the dying steed,
And mournful dirges sung.

With toads they'd charm'd, and adders' tongues,
  They served the banquet up;
With henbane leaves and ravens' eggs,
  And entrails of a pup;
With hemlock rare, and murderers' blood,
  They made their rich repast,
So this, my friends, was Simon's end,
  His melancholy last.

And may old Shuffler's narrow squeak
  A warning be to all
Who are so brave, when there's no fear,
  For they are sure to fall.
The man who brags and boasts his pluck
  May fare much worse than he,
Though little will his loss be felt
  In decent company.

From *Kent's Christmas Yule Log*, 1861.

THE CHRISTMAS GHOST.

I WAS visiting at Metheringham, in this county, many years ago, when the following incident occurred, which I think may repay my readers for its perusal:—

The occupants of the old thatched Manor House were my entertainers—my aunt and uncle. They were not high-bred or genteel people, but caky old blokes of the Lincolnshire breed, open-handed and open-hearted; not the open-mouthed and close-fisted race, as they term it, of the present age. It was Christmas, and the tables were creaking beneath their loads of cheer; of which porkpie, cakes, ale, &c., formed the principal part, and not a little interest did I take in the capital feasting. My uncle of sixty summers rose at five, when I accompanied him round the farm; and, after breakfast, we chatted with the neighbours, whilst my aunt and cousin Jane were busily engaged in preparing the good things for the coming days of enjoyment. True, it was "real enjoyment." We had no telegram that cousin Dick was drowned in Laké Superior. All the news we had, was one day that Mr. Bivvins had been chastising his wife, because she told Mrs. Gabb he spent his money in drink, instead of buying her a new cap. The morning having passed, we hurried home to dinner, when we met cousin Ned, who had just returned from

boarding school. After arranging our toilets we sat down. My aunt had on her best cap, and cousin Jane showed outward signs of well-adapted glazing ball and starch. But I felt, inwardly, rather concerned about the plum pudding, and breathed out my spiritual grace. We paid our orisons at the shrine of Bacchus, and out came the walnuts and the wine—home-made; none of your British, nor decoction of logwood. It was "home-made." Uncle appended his mouth to the yard of clay, and as I was but eighteen and Ned sixteen, of course we did not smoke—a fine moral for the juveniles of this era. We helped ourselves to the good things provided, but Ned was rather unfortunate in passing me a glass of wine. He caught his foot in the carpet, and down he fell. "Now then, Ned, what yar up to; ovver again?" exclaimed his fond parent. Ned soon resumed his perpendicular, and hurried to his dressing—no, not dressing—harnessing-room, to replace his sprinkled front, as we were expecting several old cronies from the village to take tea with us. Shortly after, we heard a chattering in the long passage, and my aunt announced the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Bullberry. Mr. B. of course lighted his weed, but Mrs. B., grunting like a porpoise, followed my aunt up the old staircase to take off her bonnet, and it *was* a bonnet, and no mistake; one that would make a double perambulator, with the simple addition of a pair of wheels. Several others shortly arrived; and, after they had discussed the fate of poor Mr. Hobblenob, who had smashed his skull by falling down stairs, and Mr. Gabb's loss through the death of his cow, and Mrs. Simple-

soul, who was in a most interesting situation, the debate was adjourned. The dessert being removed, in came the tea things, and war with Yeni Bohea and Ching Hyson was declared. "Law, deary me, Mrs. M.," exclaimed old Mrs. See-everything, "what a beautiful set of chaney you've got;" and, turning to her husband, "John, you must buy me a set like this, when you go to market agen, that you really must." "Yar's got plenty of tea cups, I'm sure," replied honest John. "If yar seed anybody wi' three eyes, yar'd want three an' all." "Well, I'm sewer," exclaims old Mrs. See-everything, "I s'll buy some when I sells my geese, that I shall, and there's an end on't. We've niver hed a good set sin' we've been married, and that's four and forty years, and its about time we hed." As she was putting the grand finale to the discussion, uncle Joe appeared at the door, clothed in his long frock-coat. "Just in time," they all exclaimed. "Sit down, Mr. M." Uncle Joe seated himself by the fire. When tea was over, the old gentlemen commenced smoking, the old ladies began telling the adventures of their early life, whilst I and my cousins and young friends selected our partners for a dance. At it we went—down the middle; the old favourite country dance. In a few minutes, to our delight, Tommy Thickskin and his brother arrived, with fiddle and dulcimer, when Mrs. Twaddles requested the to dancing might be suspended a few minutes, as she desired hear the beautiful tune of "the rogue and the coverlid," by which cognomen they supposed her to mean Sir Roger de Coverley, and struck up accordingly. She was quite elated

—nay, charmed—at the rapturous sounds, as she twirled her cap strings in her fingers—and they were strings, no question about that; such like that I would not risk a cent on the fellow's life condemned to be hanged with them. And her's were hands if you like—about the size of a nice shoulder of mutton. Poor old lass, she is dead and gone, or what would she think of my disrespectful remarks on her fairy-like form? After the tune, we resumed dancing. My uncle Joe and Mrs. Bullberry led off in great style. The dust did fly; and Mrs. See-everything was soon in a state of such profuse "preseperation" that she had to sit down to wind awhile.

As it would occupy too large a space to give the occurrences of the festive evening in detail, it is sufficient that I add, we danced until the short hours of the morning approached, when the visitors, after a deal of chatter and unprofitable conversation, retired; and, to my horror, instead of sleeping with my cousin Ned, I was doomed, by the express will and desire of uncle Joe, to be his companion for the night, the bare idea of which made me shudder, for I knew we were going to occupy the great room over the dairies, where Mrs. Pigeyes saw the ghost. At one o'clock we went to bed, and uncle Joe being rather flumsy, had a deal of trash to talk about. However, you may guess how he felt, for he would persist in seeing two candles in the room. In vain I asserted there was but one. I might just as well have argued with the winds that blew roughly past the old window. At last he got into bed, and we were both silent; but, lo! as the village clock was striking

two, a loud knocking and the creaking of the immense door startled us. "The ghost, the ghost," I cried! "uncle, here's the ghost!" and, to our horror we beheld, as the faint rays of the moon uplit the chamber, a black spectre, with flaming eyes, approaching our bed. My uncle sprang out, and declared he would shoot it with the pistol he held, if it did not reply. "Who art thou?" he cried, "son of a man, or a being of the invisible world?" As he uttered these words the infernal creature sprang at him with a terrific bound. Down fell the pistol from his grasp, and, too afraid to scream, he stood motionless at the foot of the bed. The creature returned again to the combat, when my uncle, gathering courage, caught it with his foot, and, like a feather, it danced out of the window. We heard a sound of a splash without, and concluded it was joined by some of its unearthly companions. A strong smell of sulphur was yet in the room; and, having now recovered from my intense fright, I threw the bed clothes off my head, and ventured to light the candle. My uncle looked very pale, and was too flurried to make any remark on his victory, but he got into bed, and was soon asleep. The light burned until the daylight peered into the room. Of course, at the breakfast table, we had the event of the evening to talk over, and what a long face did uncle Joe pull, vowing he would as soon sleep in the church as sleep in that room again, in which he was seconded by myself. He showed the scratches on his hand, made by the ghost, and told the story of the battle; when, just as he was repeating the last few words, the groom appeared at the

door with the favourite cat—old Tom—which he found drowned in the water tub! For a while he would not look at the cat, affecting great surprise that they should take him for such a looby as not to know a ghost from a cat. But I was silent; I remembered the splash. Sorry I was that uncle Joe had to make such a sacrifice of courage and pluck. But so it must be. And, as the mischievous Ned confessed to opening the creaking door and introducing the ghost, they had a long and hearty laugh at our expense; while, from that day, the old room has been associated with the story of uncle Joe and the ghost, and marks on the old walls show the blows he dealt at the fictioned sprite.

So uncles and aunts beware, when you are on a visit at the old manor houses at Christmas time, and lock your chamber doors inside, or you may have to fight for your lives at night, and be laughed at for your credulity in the morning, besides being scratched and terrified, as poor uncle Joe was, with the Christmas Ghost.

Now my friends, I will endeavour to revive another Legend of our own county; you have, most of you, heard of the celebrated leap of Byard, I will therefore state the occasion of it in a versified narrative of the romantic tale.

BYARD'S LEAP,

OR

THE WITCH OF THE HEATH.

O DEAR my child, her mother said, what maketh you so pale?
Why do you cry instead of sleep? you've had your glass of ale.
Tommy, you know, is at his aunt's, he can't be here to-night;
O tell me darling, dearest then the reason of thy fright.

She thus unto her mother said, last night upon the heath
Our nursemaid, with the dark red hair, told me a tale of death,
With tales of murders too—I even saw the cave
Where Lincoln Mag lived with her cubs, also her sisters grave.

Ann said she rode upon a stick amidst a cloud of fire,
She wrought destruction far and wide, the symptoms of her ire,

Transformed herself into a dog, or cow—she liked best,
O mother, lest the witch shall come, I cannot, cannot rest.

Storms and tempests too she brought upon the crops of grain,
She carried ricks upon her back, then strewed them o'er the plain.
In Fulbeck parish is her cave, O mother, don't you know
It was her ghost that killed the horse and frighten'd Uncle Joe.

When children could not well be found to make her stews and pies,
She hurried to the churchyard graves and bared them to the skies,
She then regaled her hungry self upon the putrid frames,
Utter'd her harsh bewildering cries then disappear'd in flames.

And when the sun had gone to bed no one, however brave,
Dare venture to go near her den or wander by her cave;
Lest they in pieces should be torn, or batter'd dead with clubs,
Then boiled within her cauldrons for the supper of her cubs.

But mother, when this fierce old hag had stupified with fear
The people of the villages both far away and near,
She came unto her end at last—a hero named black Jim
Vow'd he would slay the sinful wretch or she should murder him.

He was a valiant man in war, and martial steeds had he,
He fear'd no goblin, wraithe, or sprite, or witches sorcery;
But, like St. George, he was resolved to fight the cruel hag,
In spite of the infernal spells or claws of furious Mag.

He led his horses to a pond, the first that ceased to drink—
He utter'd prayers to his gods as he stood upon the brink—
Might be the steed on which he'd bear his sword, the
witch to slay,
Or die a martyr in her grasp upon that very day.

The horse named Byard raised his head, Jim with his
naked sword
Sprang on his back immediately and sought the murderous
horde,
He came unto the cavern's mouth, then bellow'd all his
might
Thou sorceress, come out, come out, I challenge thee to fight.

The witch replied just stay awhile, my shoes I want to buckle,
My spells I want to charm afresh, my cubs I want to suckle,
Then madman, I'll give you your supper, ere the day is
gone
Thy flesh shall make a jolly feast boil'd down with every
bone.

At last she came with trains of fire and eyes of flaring light,
Black Jim undaunted struck her with his sword of ponderous
might;

Upon the earth her left breast fell, but with a bounding leap
She flew upon the horse's flanks there fixed her talons deep.

Poor Byard restive then became, O mother is it true;
They say he sprang three hundred yards before she tired grew;
And when he jump'd he made a noise as loud again as thunder,
While three of his prodigious bounds were sixty yards asunder.

O mother dear, do tell me now, will Mag return again;
I heard a fearful noise last night before the wind and rain,
And Ann declared it was the Witch, O mother is it true?
I don't believe these stories quite, O mother pray do you.

Given under the seal of Miss Jane Fearwitch.

Nursery, Fulbeck Heath,
July 16th, 1861.

Witness—J. GOBLIN.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE AND THE HIGHWAYMAN.

A MANY years ago a Country Squire—
Who dreaded nought save lawyers' bills and fire—
Had never been to London in his fly;
So one day told his coachman he would try.

O well, said John, suppose you do, what then
Are we to do? suppose some highwaymen
Attack us, master, as they surely will,
I think I cannot go I feel so ill.

O what, said Squire Jones, no single man
Can hurt me, no! now should you think he can?
O well, said John, if any speak to me
I'll leave the fly and horse as well to thee.

They started off, two nights and days had pass'd,
And John began to feel quite safe at last;
But on the third he saw a panting steed,
With splendid trappings, on the highway feed.

And then a man—he trembl'd like a leaf—
Dropping the reins cried, master, here's a thief.
John wish'd he'd never known that fearful night,
Minus his cap he ran with all his might.

Although no thief that night, his best intent,
But show'd him on rapine and plunder bent,
For straightway to the carriage of the Squire
He came, and cried, your money or I fire.

Ah! well, said Squire Jones, 'tis very good
For thee, thou'st got some comrades in that wood,
Or I'd not part—the robber turn'd his head,
Jones fired his pistol and the rogue fell dead.

So then the Squire, although he'd lost no cash,
Had lost his coachman and a deal of trash;
He drove himself unto the nearest town,
Reviv'd his box seat with another Brown.

THE HOLY WATER OF ROWSTON WELL.

A Knight, St. Jude, of ancient time,
  Had woo'd a lady fair;
A man was he in battle brave,
  A chief of noblest air.

He'd fought in foreign countries,
  And vanquished foreign kings;
Still fear'd a foe of youthful grace,
  The boy with rapid wings.

Near Digby's haunted beck his love
  Liv'd in a mansion great,
Around its site were terraced walks,
  Likewise a vast estate.

But as the case is mostly now,
  So then it seem'd to be,
Full twenty lovers sued her hand
  With modest gallantry.

She scarcely could the point decide,
  Or yet make up her mind,

Who had good looks, a generous heart,
  With riches too combined.

Alas! the flower of fairest bloom
  Was blighted for a time,
The colour left her dimpl'd cheeks.
  Death heedless of her prime

Seem'd anxious to beset with pain
  The jewel of her race
Before he took her quite away
  To the last resting place.

A monstrous hump came on her back,
  While crook'd her features grew,
And of her many lovers now
  Were left but very few.

But of that few St. Jude was one,
  He vow'd with right good will
That if her colour changed to black
  He e'en would love her still.

At last the Knights of paltry fame,
  Who sought her in the spring,
When winter came had flown away
  Like swallows taken wing.

Save him, St. Jude, the faithful man,
  Though not allow'd to see

The face of her he lov'd so well,
  He meant her lord to be.

One morning, ere the rising sun
  Had lit the eastern sky,
He plunged his dagger in the earth
  Before both hard and dry.

When in a moment's twinkling space
  The gushing water flow'd,
He in a chalice then convey'd
  Some to his love's abode.

Of it she drank, and from that day
  Her pain she felt no more,
Her heart beat well, her handsome face
  Grew fairer than before.

She cried, O bravest Knight I prov'd
  Thy love and found it true,
Thou only shalt my husband be,
  In vain shall others woo.

That very day ne'er closed on them,
  As those of single life,
For ere the hour of eve was come
  The pair were man and wife.

And with delight the lady told
  Her lord the secret plot,

The illness feigned to find who lov'd
  Her well—who lov'd her not.

Propitious fortune bless'd their fate,
  Death seal'd at once their doom,
And when a hundred years had pass'd
  They slumber'd in one tomb.

And on that site where waters spring,
  The relics still are seen,
Of the holy well of good St. Jude,
  The Knight of Rowston Green.

SWINESHEAD ABBEY.

When proud King John with his army came
  To Swineshead Priory,
A valiant Knight of martial fame
  Cried King, good news for thee.

A daughter hath the abbot got,
  A fairy maiden she,
O! John, if she's before thee brought,
  Will it, O! King, please thee.

Then bring her forth, the King replied,
  Go fetch the maid to me,
And she shall be a conqueror's bride,
  A royal Queen shall she.

They brought the Abbess to the King,
  And mighty pleased was he,
But more so when he heard her sing,
  She pleased him mightily.

But when the Abbot heard the tale
  He waxed wroth and vow'd,
Though should he spend his life in jail
  The King should wear his shroud.

So they prepared a poison'd dish,
  Straight to the King went he,
Who was afflicted at their wish,
  For he ate heartily.

For Sleaford town the troops set out,
  On horseback rode the King,
But ere they traversed half the route
  He cried a litter bring.

They brought it, and from Sleaford on,
  The morrow's morn they sped
To reach fair Newark's ancient town,
  But, alas! the King was dead.

TATTERSHALL CASTLE.

TATTERSHALL CASTLE.

She weeps, she weeps, he cometh not—
  In some harsh conflict slain—
Both soothing words and cheering looks
  Are all to her in vain.
The night is dark, the wild winds howl
  Around her father's hall;
She weeps, nor will be quieted,
  For the lord of Tattershall.

The night is past, the morn is come
  Without the gallant lord;
She still lies grieving on her couch,
  No hope can rest afford.
Behold! the fearful news at last
  Doth come—her father's hall
Contains a corpse, whose soul hath fled
  With the lord of Tattershall.

STRAY NOTICES, &c.

DRINK.

I, EVEN I, though young in years, have witnessed terrible things; but, of all things, the worst, the most lamentable is, I think, the one I will attempt to describe. To see the man of education, of refined manners, of surpassing genius, having won for himself the golden opinion of millions, brought down from his high estate, levelled in the eyes of all, bodily and mentally abased, kicked from the position he held in society, through his love for that abomination and universal curse—Drink! For he who once held the admiration of God and man, is become an eyesore to his Maker, a pest and nuisance to his fellow-creatures.

THE DEATH-BED.

HE sleeps the sleep of death, from which there is no arising till the great and glorious day. Heirs and relations have assembled to take their earthly farewell. With some fears hang heavily; with others fancies dance lightly. 'Tis

o'er, 'tis past. The head of the family is no more; while his frame of clay is gathered to moulder in the sepulchre of his ancestors, how little do they think that they may be the next victims of the deadly dart. The day is past; affairs are settled; monetary matters arranged. Some of that party have followed, others are trembling on the brink of the grave, others are following to supply the vacancies they will make. Such is life, such is death.

WEALTH.

I HAD an old uncle whom I used frequently to visit. He was very rich in worldly possessions, but not so happy as I thought I should be were I in his position. He was known in the village as a near, nipping, miserly man, whose chief object was the accumulation of wealth. He constantly had thoughts of people coming to murder him; he could not even rest on his bed for thinking of his gold. One day, noticing that he looked anxious, I inquired of him the reason. He replied, with a shake of his head, "My boy, be not like me—too fond of money. Once I was poor in worldly gifts, but rich in gifts more worthy of our ownership: I was then happy and contented. Wealth fell to my share: instead of bringing me pleasure and joy, it brought me cares, vexations, troubles, which I cannot overcome. Mark well: these are what contribute to making a man's death-bed unhappy. On that bed thy uncle will die.

CHANCE.

MARVELLOUS word: a theory questionable, and seemingly impossible. If a more valiant cavalier, by chance had not appeared upon the scene, an heiress would have been my wife; but then, by chance, she turned out a drunkard and extravagant woman. Two or three of my schoolmates, with myself, would have been poisoned with cherry wine, of our own manufacture, if the braided white sugar had not chanced to be salt: as it transpired afterwards, we had mingled with it previously, a quantity of salts of lemon—a violent poison. I have a friend who would have been a rich man, had his father not chanced to die one day too soon. But then, again, before that, he would have been in the workhouse, had he not chanced to meet with a partner of limited but comfortable means. The chances are, if a roll of bank-notes lie in the street, I walk over them, whilst the next person after me rejoices at his luck, and ventures to congratulate me on my shortsightedness. Though a fair horseman, if I take a short ride, the chances are that I have a fall; although my neighbour, a tailor, can attend a coursing meeting, on one of the neighbouring squire's hunters, without fear of danger. If I play a game at anything, no matter how proficient, I frequently have the mortification of being beaten by a mere novice. If I attempt to shoot a hare in the open fields, some person's dog must run between my gun and puss: the chances are, then, that the dog is a pet and favourite with its owner, who, not having the pleasure of my acquaintance, although

I have the horror of knowing him to be a severe and haughty fellow, exacts some enormous sum for the loss of his cur. If, in conjunction with a friend, I subscribe to a lottery, the chances are that I draw the first prize to his blank; the next time preferring my own luck, I have the advantage of seeing him draw the first prize, myself the blank, *vice versa*. If a thunder-storm does any damage, it is to my chimney; although, had I not removed from the shelter of a tree, the chances are that I should have been killed with the cattle that now lie dead beneath it. If I ask a favour of a relation or patron, confounded chance mostly sends me at a period when they are engaged or in an irritable mood. If I endeavour to pass anything at the table of a friend, it falls from my hands, chance pronouncing it the most costly goblet ever in the family. If I write a long letter, after finishing it, it either blows in the fire or I besmear it from top to bottom with ink, unnoticed on my sleeve; although, looking the letter over, chance might dictate the luck of the accident, seeing I should have committed a most serious breach in friendship and good manners. If on a journey from town to town, the chances are that, at almost every place of worship I attend, there is a collection for a charitable cause. Disposed to give, I have the shock next morning at finding out that half-a-sovereign has spoken my charitable feelings, instead of sixpence. If I attend any celebration, where a concourse of people has met, although I have used every precaution, my watch disappears from my fob; whilst Tom Jones, the most careless fellow alive, is intoxicated and rolling on the

ground, no such harm befalls him, being also in possession of one far above the value of mine. If I go on a steam boat only a few miles, some dreadful accident must occur through an explosion or collision, although my brother has rode safely on the same steamer, longer distances, some hundreds of times. If my wife is taken ill, although there are a dozen doctors reside in the town, they are all out just then: but chance would send five and twenty veterinary surgeons to my pig if he was afflicted. If I play a game at cricket, and make, in my opinion, a great hit, chance is sure to place some person there, where he has no business to be, who catches the ball. However, it is so in every scene of life, in every grade of society. Chance is a most remarkable governor and ruler of our fates.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S LAUGH.

We may be known by our laugh. I have recognised it in the cafés of France, in the hotels of Germany, yea, in the dungeons of Spain. Adversity never excludes this luxury: it is with us a necessity of life. Without a laugh an Englishman could not celebrate a victory over his rival, nor shake hands with his friend. Fancy hearing the tales of his boyhood told without the attendant companion of his mirth. Go to the dining-room, it is there in request; but how it increases in the drawing-room. Listen again when the short hours denote the time. Hark at the re-echoing bursts of delight, the sounding volleys of joy. But go where you will, to the mansion, to the cot, to the workhouse, to the hulks. I will not say to the tabernacle, although

were we more Spartanlike in our worship we should be better; there it is unrestrained, unconfined. The valleys themselves, of England, sing with laughter and her woods resound the echoes of her children's mirth.

MONEY.

I CAN compare a portion of the human family to nothing else than a number of persons in quest of rats; their object being to secure their prey alive. All are striving, all are struggling for the prize; it eludes the grasp of one and biting another sets the whole party in confusion, escaping again to its run. They are likewise all armed in different ways for the assurance of success; but all alike are doomed to disappointment. One is armed with a heavy weapon, immediately the rat appears he lays it dead at his feet; another seizes the animal with his hand, but biting him he shrinks from the task and allows it to escape to the lap of his more fortunate neighbour, he in his great desire to preserve it fondles and caresses it, that through his attention it dies.

LOSS OF CHARACTER.

MEN often say, "poor man he's lost his character;" no such thing, no man can lose his character—it is lost from the beginning. All man can do is, partially to redeem his fallen state by living an exemplary and christian life. Therefore we cannot lose our character, although we may sink our esteem in the eyes of mankind, through evil and untoward actions.

RICARDO, THE SPANISH KNIGHT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

RICARDO.
DON VORLEZ, a merchant.
DESME, Don Vorlez' wife.
ZARUS, Don Vorlez' son.
ROSALINE, Don Vorlez' daughter.
DON CORLEZ, Ricardo's father.
THERESDA, Ricardo's mother.
SIRONDA, a neighbour.
FATHER JEROME, a Monk.
EARL OF ROCHFORD.
SIR SIMON DE TUDENHAM, a Knight (British).
AUSTEENA, a Lady.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Balcony at Cadiz.

Enter DON VORLEZ *and* DESME.

Don Vorlez. Well, wife, ill fortune, mingled with despair,
Has drove to me a resolution that
I cannot lose, or fail it.
Desme. Well, dearest husband, what
May your resolution be?
Vorlez. Well, it is this:
To quit the town of Cadiz,
And change our scene of life
For better fate;
Worse we cannot have.
The dues of the port are heavy,
While dangers, like the stern grimaces of a devil,
Look me all about.
Desme. Well, husband, if that is thy wish,
I readily comply with it.
May gracious heaven cast on thy scheme success.

I've known thee long.
No man hast thou wronged;
Far be it from my heart to think
That heaven will e'er wrong thee.

Vorlez. True, true, good wife, but Zarus and Rosaline
Must share our changes.
By the rising of the coming moon
My vessel's due from Africa.
I know not of its fortune yet,
For what it is
Heaven hath not yet spoken.
Fate may turn at His almighty bidding,
And I may yet grow rich.

Desme. Thou talk'st, but that is all.
I cannot think the way of fickle fortune
Is so long to deceive,
Then take so sharp a turn
As that thou speaks of.
You heard my cousin tell the woe of Florence,
And other cities worse, much worse than this.
Rodi, once the richest merchant of Venice,
No more, as Horace says, fits out his shatter'd barks;
But, disheartened by ill fortune, seeks
The quietude of private life.

Vorlez. Well, that may be so;
But if old Time had honoured women's tongues,
The first position of Creation's Lord
Would have been vacant long ago.
She is a being, painter of the scenes
Of sheer deception.
'Tis she who builds up hopes,
But food for better reason,
And executes designs
For ruthless execution.

Desme. Well, you known, Don Vorlez, I always though
You had a better opinion of your wife's word
Than that.
When you, ere this, have asked of me
Th' affairs on change,

The moon's phases,
With several other things,
Which led me to believe your best belief
Was in your wife, Don Vorlez. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—Enter SIRONDA.

Sironda. Good evening, Don Vorlez, I hope 'tis well with thee.
Vorlez. Quite well, my liege and friend;
Sit down, and share my visit.
Sip from thy neighbour's cup,
And chat the times.
Sironda. Bad news, bad news from Morocco.
Have you not heard?
Vorlez. True, as thou speakest thus:
I have not heard a whisper.
Sironda. Three Cadiz vessels are said to have foundered in the storm.
Vorlez. O gracious heaven!
Preserve my ship and crew.
What names are they?
Sironda. Joseph, Melitez, and Separtez.
There's Londa's daughter yonder weeping loud,
And wailing with pain intense
Her lover's fate, I should suppose.
I ask'd her of it,
But she answer'd not.
Vorlez. O Don Texas was on board the Joseph.
That accounts for it.
Does the news say all is lost?
Sironda. All.

Enter ROSALINE, *weeping loud.*

Rosaline. O my Ricardo's drowned.
What shall I do?
Vorlez. Hallo! what's the matter now, lass?
Well, lovers must have woe.
Don't make thyself forlorn;
He may be living yet:
Who knows?

Rosaline. The news is true, too true, alas!
Ricardo is no more.
His only uncle brought the tidings
This day from Madrid.
Alas! the Knight I lov'd,
With maiden's love, no longer lives,
But's gone, with his heart pierced
With death's malignant dart.
O that I now could die
With him, and flee this task
Of tears.

Vorlez. Well, daughter, thou hadst better mourn a lover's fate
Than grieve a husband's loss.
Thou hast no weeds to fear
Or orphans to support.
Thank heaven, and yet rejoice.

Rosaline. O father, pray alight not my grief
Or strand my trouble. *Exit, weeping.*

Vorlez. You see, Sironda, how these early trials,
They would, I doubt not,
Have obscured awhile
Our youthful hopes;
But she must grieve till grieving
Finds its rest in grief.

Sironda. Feed not the adder with its eggs,
Or toads with spawn;
Feed not her hopes with joys
That have no chance to bloom.
Nurture not buds that ne'er
Will burst in beauty.
But yet, Don Vorlez,
I doubt the truth of such bad news.

Vorlez. And I at least have hopes it is not true.
I expect a vessel myself from Morocco,
Laden with goods and merchandise;
And somewhere near the apex of the storm
It hath been windbound full a month:
But heaven will help, I fear not,
All who help themselves.

Sironda. Hope for the best, friend:
'Tis soon enough to grieve
The worst at knowing it.
Vorlez. Well, that I strive to do,
But still the cankering worm of care
Doth gnaw my tender part,
And tell'st too well its rich repast.
The fulsome fog soon damps the fire of hope,
The dews of fear soon quench its feeble flame.
Sironda. Thou sayest well and true, Don Vorlez.
Once I believed that creed;
But times grew better all at once,
And, just as if I caught
The tide of fortune at its flood,
My fate was fraught
With good success.
Vorlez. Well, that was well;
But thou hadst not a crew of sailors,
Risky in their tasks, to satisfy.
Oft have I dreamt of riches when my vessels
Held the native pilot;
But then, as if it must be so,
The storm has come and sunk it
With my hopes.
Sironda. Well, that was bad indeed to bear,
For man's weak-fashioned mind,
For man's ill-tempered nature.
Vorlez. But, as a neighbour, let me tell thee
'Tis my intention soon to change
My place of business and my household,
And take my strongest bark
To a place in Albion;
A place delightful,
Rich in chantries and in convents;
While, for mounted knights and horsemen,
Yea, it shames all Spain.
Sironda. Oh! London, I suppose.
Vorlez. Take away the bragging, babbling crew,
Take away the nests of human sin;

The Babylonian curse exchange
For rustic purity,
Then thou know'st the name.

Sironda. O Boston, I presume.
Well, I've heard of a remarkable fair held there, but know nothing else of the place.
How came you to know, Don Vorlez?

Vorlez. A foreign merchant told me long ago,
And Henry, you know, is a good king.

Sironda. Well, neighbour, here's my wish:—
May fortune prove as kind to thee
As she hath done to me.
Good night. *Exit.*

Enter DESME, *smiling.*

Good Don Vorlez, heaven yet smileth on us.
The pilot bringeth news
Of our ship's safe arrival.

Vorlez. I suppose she will remain in the bay to-night.
Ah! the convent bell is striking ten,
Let's away. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Breakfast Parlour. DON VORLEZ *seated.*

Enter DESME, *smiling.*

Desme. Good morning, husband.

Vorlez. Good morning, spouse.

Desme. Well, how are the sailors?
What news from Morocco?

Vorlez. They've brought a knight

Desme. A knight, indeed.
Who is he?

Vorlez (laughing). Ah! that is all.
But I will tell thee, wife,
Though keep it from our daughter Rosaline.
'Tis Ricardo!
They rescued him from death
When he was struggling with the briny waves,
And hugged by the billows of destruction;

They cleft him from the seas,
And brought him home.

Desme (sound of footsteps). Ah! listen; some one's coming.
'Tis Rosaline.

Enter ROSALINE.

Good morning, parents.
I see you rejoicing—
For what?

Desme. Did you not know our ship had come?
Laden with precious merchandise,
And something else I will divulge in time,
Not now.

Rosaline. O tell me; why not now?
Does—O can I hope
You've tidings glad for me?
Does my ill-fated suitor live?

Desme. He does live. *Exit.*

Rosaline. Thank heaven. O gods, fates,
Bear witness to my joy!
O patron saint, eternal Mary!
Smile with me;
My lover lives!
I hardly can believe a thing
So sudden, so much blest.

Enter RICARDO.

Ah! ah! my lass,
I suppose you thought your lover
Jonah the second by this.

Rosaline (with a shriek). As I live, he's here!
O Ricardo, I thought you'd gone for ever!

Ricardo. But to me Fortune proveth kind.
As I was sinking in the ocean-trough
A rope wrapped round my senseless frame.
Guided by instinct, to it I clung,
And danced on board
Thy, and I hope my, parents' bark.

Rosaline. Thou smoothest all my fears.
Let me embrace thee with a lover's kiss,

And let me suck thy honeycomb of love.
I thought thee but the prey of sharks,
And mourned in silence oft thy fate;
But earth rejoice, my own Ricardo
I behold again.

Ricardo. Well, girl, thou hast my heart.
If I had died a shipwreck'd knight
My last prayer would have been for thee.

Vorlez. Ah! Ricardo,
Tell us of thy fate.
Glad I am to see thee well.
Tell us thy adventures.

Ricardo. 'Twas night. The universe itself
Shook in the storm;
The fiery lightnings dash'd across
The skies of dismal gloom.
The Joseph laboured hard and sunk;
The Melitez founder'd in the waves.
The fires of heaven
Lit up the unearthly scene.
Upon the deck I stood,
On every side to see in vain
The signals of distress.
And, lo! as a falling cliff of soil,
A monster—
I felt no more, till in the middle of the sea,
Just when the griping pangs of death
Gave me a shrug,
A rope encompass'd me,
And, by the mercy of a hand above,
Your men were my deliverers. *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Evening Party at Don Vorlez'. DON CORLEZ *and* THERESDA *seated.*

Enter DON VORLEZ *and* DESME.

Corlez. Good evening, friends.
But where's your daughter Rosaline?

Desme. She's coming presently, good neighbour;
Trust her well for that.

Enter RICARDO.

Ricardo. Good evening, friends.
How doth ye be this night?
Vorlez. Quite well, young knight.
I hope my sun of adverse fate is set:
O may it never rise again
Till I'm its chanticleer.
This is our harvest of delighted hopes.
Corlez. Hold, neighbour Vorlez.
Thou hast not seen the image of distress
Or felt its iron grip.
Desme. Nor do we wish.
But we, like thee, may thank our stars of late
For better times.
Our vessel's brought her cargo safe to port.
My husband says 'tis sold; that's better.
Think, also, of the epoch of our lives,
The saving of your son.
Corlez. Thou hast well said,
O lady Desme, and I may gladly say
Delight has sought its refuge
In thy sweet daughter's frame.
Theresda. But I've heard, Don Vorlez,
You're about to leave us;
What truth is in the news?
Vorlez. Well, Desme has not given her reply,
And Rosaline still frowns at my design.
By the bye, how late she is.
Desme. She was to call at Londa's.
No doubt they're talking over their troubles.

Enter ROSALINE.

All. Good evening, fair daughter.
Rosaline. Good evening, friends.
Corlez. Well, how do you think of
Your father's scheme, Rosaline?

Rosaline. Well, to speak candidly, good friend,
I do not advocate that;
But love swells the breasts of all
The same, parents and children.

Theresda. Ask our neighbour, Don Vorlez,
What he knows of the place.

Vorlez. Well, 'tis a beautiful town,
With chantries of great income.
Noble convents and monasteries,
With a fine quay
And a magnificent church indeed.
The trade is corn and wool, with fruit,
And various merchandise.

Theresda. Well, 'tis something to know a little of a town before you determine, or give up your residence in Cadiz.

Corlez (with a goblet). Here's luck to the merchant of Cadiz.
May Albion's soil prove kind to his culture;
Her merchandise profitable to his hands.
Don Vorlez then shall be merchant of England and Cadiz. Long may our association unite in the matters of business and worldly care, to bind the interests of both climes.

Vorlez. Friend, I thank thee for thy wishes.

Desme. And I too, Don Corlez.

Corlez. I hope I am not too presumptuous
In requesting Rosaline to sing.

Rosaline sings

THE FORTUNATE KNIGHT.

A knight, a knight sailed far away,
Far away from land,
While Cupid whispered, night and day,
Seek thy lady's hand.

Although thou canst not see her cry,
She is in distress;
While every time the frowning sky
Makes her grief no less.

Still the knight, the gallant knight,
  Bore but small regard,
Till the tempest raged one night,
  And the winds blew hard.

On the deck with the fearless crew,
  Thinking safe to ride,
He stood, when, lo! a billow threw
  Him o'er the vessel's side.

Lo! consternation, with despair,
  Sought the sailors' claim:
Where is he, midst the waters? There,
  A rope wraps round his frame.

Behold he rises, to the joy
  Of those upon the main,
And now, believing but the boy,
  Returneth home again.

Corlez. Well, well, Rosaline;
I suppose your lover's fate.
How beautiful you sing too. *Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Don Corlez' *House. Clock strikes seven.*

Enter ZARUS.

Ah! ah! no one up yet I suppose.

Enter DON VORLEZ.

Ah! my son.
From whence comest thou?
Zarus. I've brought the Matilda, fond parent.
Vorlez. What, from India?
Zarus. Yes. From where thou sayest
Once more I've brought our bark
In safety to the port.
But how is Rosaline and mother?
Vorlez. Quite well, thank God.
They will be here directly. *Exit.*

Enter DESME.

Ah! fond mother, how art thou?
Desme. Good faith, my son. Is it Zarus?
Can I believe my eyes?
Zarus. Thou mayest say so; 'tis me.
The winds being favourable,
I've brought a goodly cargo.
But now, father, we must make haste
To see the vessel,
Before the tide has ebbed.

Exit.

Enter ROSALINE.

Good morning, mother dear.
Desme. Good morning, daughter.
Hast thou heard the news?
The news of joy.
Zarus, my first-born, has returned.
Rosaline. Returned; why can it be
My brother Zarus that you mean?
He's only left us five months,
When last time he was eight months gone.
But, as it is so, I delighted feel,
And too glad are my feelings for expression;
But where is he?
Desme. He's gone with thy father to the vessel.
Rosaline. Well, I should think the Boston storm will blow over now,
I should hope so, however.
Desme. Well, you see, dear,
Fortune lingereth long.
This bounteous luck
May never come again;
It is but now a compensation
For the bitter past.
Rosaline. Well, mother, it may be
Thou knowest best.
But if I go,
Ricardo must go with me.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Parlour. DESME *and* ROSALINE, *seated.*

Enter DON VORLEZ *and* ZARUS.

Zarus. Ah! dear sister, clasp my heart to thine.
Though five months in the reckoning of
a meeting it hath been,
It still hath held its love.
Rosaline. How glad I feel. No words could tell
My pleasure, brother, at thy quick return.
Zarus. Well, sister, I am here,
And good luck with me.
My next voyage is to Albion,
Country of King Henry.
Rosaline. Say not so, I beseech of thee.
Zarus. I say it, I mean it too.
Rosaline. Well, may success attend thee,
As before.
Vorlez. Well, you see, daughter,
I've a market in England for my goods,
Where I can realize a larger sum,
By half, than at Cadiz,
And 'tis but two weeks voyage in fair weather.
If fortune still keeps healing,
Who knoweth
How it will devise?
Desme. It might be so, Don Vorlez;
But think how dangerous is the voyage
When you know it not,
Not even on the chart.
Vorlez. What of that, my spouse?
How went the first man o'er the broad expanse?
How went the ignorant landsmen through the waste
Of waters with no guide?
But inward instinct and the stars
To point his passage.
But, by the bye, I think
The mate of my son's vessel has been to Albion.
Rosaline. But what shall you take in the vessel?

Vorlez. O water-melons, grapes, and figs,
And other fruits.
Our melons, which we give unto the swine,
Would be thought fit in Albion
To grace a royal banquet, or a conqueror's feast.
Rosaline. Well, that will answer, no doubt.
Vorlez. Answer or not, my dear,
The trial must be made.
Desme. When will they sail?
Vorlez. O next week. The sooner the better.
Suspense is equal to misfortune.
And if I lose my vessel I have others;
Though God preserve my son and sailors.
Desme. Well, I hope it is for the best.
Fortune, though heretofore as harsh as hail,
May pour her genial dews
Upon our fate. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Evening Party at Don Vorlez'.

Vorlez. Well, Desme, Zarus has been gone above a month.
Soon, soon I hope to hear his luck.
But luck to me is like a grasshopper,
That comes within my grasp a moment,
Then disappears for ever.
Desme. Lay these forebodings low,
And cast aside that melancholy pencil;
You're in that gloomy mood again, Don Vorlez.
But yesterday, as a young leopard
Freed from its cage a single hour,
Playful and glad you seemed.
But, as the sullen fit
Of petty grief returneth,
So you, when fate looks thick,
Turn dark and sad.
Vorlez. That is true.
But can you help me? No.
Can you help me? No.
Can I help myself?

Enter ROSALINE.

O parents, how glad I am.
O sh sh—a—r share my joy.
Across the ocean he has come,
Zarus, the Spanish boy.
Your flag, O father, waves
Above the convent spire,
While your bonny vessel
Lieth once more in the port of Cadiz.

Desme. O Rosaline, how can you be so wicked?
Shame, shame upon you,
To bring such ill-founded reports,
To add misery to thy parents' lot.

Rosaline. Mother, dear, the words I've said are true.

Desme. Can, O can it be?
Heaven bear witness to my joy.

Vorlez. But where's the boy?

Enter ZARUS, *singing* "Rol tol lol lol, iddid," &c.

Well, how are you, old fogies of Cadiz?
You see I've been and come again;
And a pleasant journey I've had.
Such a nice place that Boston.
Such a fine church,
Such good people,
Great quays and wharves, great everything.
But, more than all,
There's a lass I do love there.

Vorlez. Glad to hear thee say thus, son.
How did you dispose of the cargo?

Zarus. O capital, father.
Five hundred pounds have I brought thee for it.
All expenses clear.
And, as a melon fell aside the vessel,
Full twenty little urchins, with tanned skins,
Ran in the mud, and gladly did they battle for the prize.

Vorlez. Of course you had a favourable voyage.

Zarus. Beautiful voyage.
And when we entered what are called the deeps—

A grievous boast for any town—
We saw a light,
That lit the haven well.
Directed by it, we sailed, and anchored safe.
O 'tis a town of convents rich, great, and good;
And the merchants' hall
Is empty, which would suit you well.

Vorlez. It might suit, but how about expense?

Zarus. About expense, why but a trifle it would be, I'm sure.

Vorlez. Well, as money is not quite so scarce,
And fortune seemeth kinder,
I'll ponder o'er the matter,
And think much,
Before I leave old Cadiz yet,
With all its faults, with all its wrongs
And injuries, I love it still.

Zarus. Well, I should think the corn
And melons would pay well.
However, if you do not go,
We ought to have an agent there.

Vorlez. O yes; and it must be the place of business.
I cannot bear this eastern trade,
With all its promises of wealth and gold,
Despair gnaws round the tendrils of that vine.

Zarus. Well, father, dear,
As you dictate I will obey.
O may your schemes be founded on the rock
Of honourable dealing.
Let duty strike,
And as the rod of Moses bid the stream,
So it shall be,
And plenteous waters of content
Shall flow. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Don Vorlez' *House.*

Enter DON VORLEZ.

Well, wife, no more I doubt,
No more I halt in deep opinions,
For I have fixed my choice.
How it will be I know not;
But heaven unto me grant a ray of hope.

Desme. Well, husband, as thou speakest thus,
The noblest act of thy heart's half
Is willingly to yield.
Then let us sail for Henry's clime;
No more build up our hopes
On queer suspense.

Vorlez. Zarus says 'tis but a month's fair sail,
And he can stop
To load our second vessel,
And bring himself the third.

Desme. Well, so let it be.

Enter ROSALINE.

Rosaline. Well, kind parents,
What deep language do ye speak.

Desme. Daughter, 'tis our future destiny,
Of our fortune that we speak.

Rosaline. Well, do you mean to go to England?
To quit these scenes that cling around the heart,
As ivy to the oak of years mature?

Desme. We have decided to do so, daughter.

Rosaline. But shall I go when Corlez' son
Ricardo sails upon the eastern seas?
No, no!
Not the winds that blew to Boston,
Nor the attractions of that Boston,
Nor the goodness of King Henry,
Shall betray my love,
Or take me where
Ricardo cannot come.

Desme. But don't you know, daughter, Zarus is going to wait at Cadiz to bring the other vessels. Before that time Ricardo may be here to come along with him.

Rosaline. Well, if that could be, kind parents,
I would sail with you.
O may bounteous heaven prove
Auspicious to our plans,
And gild our hopes with joy. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Don Corlez' *House.*

Enter Don Corlez.

Corlez. Well, Theresda, 'tis three months this day
Since our friend Vorlez sailed for Albion's clime,
But Zarus has not heard their fortune.

Theresda. No, no; I doubt their plans were vain,
Vacant in imagining and thought.
May heaven be gracious to them.
O forbid distress should ever come,
But still I have my thoughts
It must ensue.

Corlez. Well, Theresda, dear, thou art too deep
Wrought in the cobwebs of the mystery
Once to err.

Enter Ricardo.

Ah! parents, parents, again I come
From Africa's sunny clime.

Corlez and *Theresda*, together. Hail, hail, our joyful son,
How blest is thy return.

Corlez. How are the sailors?

Ricardo. O, well; a good voyage, good cargo.
How is Rosaline?

Theresda. Rosaline, son; why Vorlez, with her and his wife,
Have now been gone to Albion full three months.

Ricardo. Indeed; how strange.
I thought they long since
Altered their design.

Enter ZARUS.

Well, friends—what, Ricardo here?
Truly, the rains of fortune fall in showers.
But, to explain my errand,
I have brought you news.

Corlez. But is it good?
I think so, by your looks.

Zarus. It is, thank heaven for it.

Theresda. And I too, Zarus.

Ricardo. But have you heard from Rosaline?
The idol of my love,
The object of my heart.

Zarus. I have; she is well;
But I will read the letter.
Zarus reads:—
"'Tis now twelve weeks since we bid Cadiz adieu,
"Since we bid farewell to its lofty convent spires,
"Since we left the scenes of home and fatherland.
"Warmly did the inhabitants receive us.
"'Tis a glorious country, as you told us.
"A beautiful mansion is the one you named;
"A knight's property. I took it, and am well pleased with it.
"A splendid garden joins its noble walls.
"A few yards off a priory stands, of orders grey.
"The master abbot is a jolly soul; by name
"Father Jerome. Rosaline sends her love to you, also to Ricardo.
"You must tell him she is happy as circumstances admit of;
"his presence alone will make it perfect. She is much admired,
"and hundreds gather round to hear her sing to the guitar.
"Give our best love to neighbour Sironda,
"Don Corlez and wife, all neighbours, indeed.
"I wish I had come here before. Adieu.
"Bring the vessels. Come quickly.

"DON VORLEZ."

Corlez. Well, that is famous.

Ricardo. I must go there, O father, by thy kindness,
Before I go to Africa again.

Zarus. Well, if fortune proveth kind,
Another month, at most,
Will end my abiding here.

Ricardo. May I sail with Zarus, kind parent?

Corlez. Thou knowest well, my son, I can't agree to it.
Thou take the troops to Cervera
Lest we lose the charter contract.
Our king will never trust the Portugese.

SCENE III.—Cadiz Quay.

Zarus. Hallo! Ricardo. Well, I'm off to-day
For Boston.

Ricardo. The deuce you are;
What would I give to go?
But you heard my sire, the other night, order me to take the troops to Cervera. We have but two vessels now; and if we neglect the contract of the king, he'll think us shifty as the Portuguese.

Zarus. Send Rinda, Londa's son;
He's better now,
And nought to do;
How could you mend it?
When he has traded there before.

Ricardo. Alas! thou knowest, dearest friend,
I dare not do it,
For the peril of a father's serious thought and sore displeasure.
Old Time is on the wing.
Adieu! adieu!

Zarus. Well, if it must be so,
The gods and fates alike are powerless.
Good bye! good bye!

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Don Corlez' *Balcony.*

Corlez. Well, Ricardo, by to-morrow's tide
You must depart.
No human breast
Could pardon any more delays.
Besides, you know it is a favour of
The king to have the contract.

Ricardo. But will not Londa's son do, father?
He's sailed there before,
Indeed he knows the passage well;
A better sailor, too, than I.

Corlez. Well, what now? Hesitating again at the last moment; 'tis, indeed, too bad.
What would you have me do?
What do yourself?

Ricardo. You know, kind parent, my affection dwells not in these climes.
Don Vorlez wishes me to go to Albion.
Zarus now has nigh reached Albion's shore;
O trust me once, and let me go likewise.

Corlez. Can Rinda sail to-morrow with the troops?
If so, he shall.
But, now, remember, what the honour of the office is, belongs to him.

Ricardo. Parents and friends, mark well,
In whom you place a trust,
'Tis at their peril
How 'tis used.
I've given that much more than
Common thought; he's welcome to it.

Corlez. But, then, again, what vessel canst thou take?

Ricardo. O Londa's promised me his Cylve long ago.

Corlez. O well, if that's arranged,
Do so.
But let us hear thy mother's thoughts upon the matter.

Enter THERESDA.

Corlez. Ah! ah! the very person of our wants.
Thou art come well, indeed, upon us;
And I must tell thee, dearest wife,
Our son is mad with love,
And fain would sail to Rosaline this night,
If so he could.

Theresda. What? Then I suppose he does not want to go to Cervera to-morrow.
Well, if it is so, husband, let him go to Britain; I'm no advocate

myself for harsh restraint. I've known the time
I'd cross a foamy sea to speak to thee, no wonder
then.

But who can take the troops?

Corlez. O that's all arranged.

Rinda will sail to-morrow.

Theresda. That is well.

For Londa told me of his proffered bark;
Let him go, I pray. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Belfry of St. Botolph's.

Rosaline. Now, parents, look upon the sea.
I'm sure it is a Spanish vessel,
By the bows.

Vorlez. Well, daughter, I believe it is.
Who can it be?
It's entering the channel now;
Let us depart.
Hallo! here's Desme coming up the tower;
Let her see first.

Enter DESME.

Rosaline. O mother, dear, a Spanish bark
Is coming up the river.
I'm sure it is one;
Hope it is Ricardo.

Desme. Well, but you know Zarus said
That he must go with the troops to Cervera;
It can't be him; no, no.

Vorlez. It is him, by the fates, I think.
Why, 'tis Londa's flag;
That Rinda bore from the Moors last summer,
As well as the Spanish colours.
Hurra! 'tis yet Ricardo, I believe;
Let's away to meet him. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Room in Don Vorlez' *House.* RICARDO *and* ZARUS *seated.*
Enter DON VORLEZ.

Hallo! what now?
I thought, indeed, 'twas you.

Is not that Londa's flag you bore?

Ricardo. It is, Don Vorlez, and his vessel too.
His son has taken the troops of the king
Instead of me; I think a happy change.
Besides, I really wished again to see
Your graceful daughter Rosaline.
Where and how is she, by the bye?
And mother Desme?

Vorlez. They'll be here soon, my boy.
I left them on the tower of St. Botolph's,
Looking, with wonder, at
Thy vessel coming up the channel.
I wish they'd come.
What think you of this country?
Henry, you know, is a famous king.
We've no black, ill-faced treachery to connive at here.
Well, how long will you stay? I hope you've come for good.

Ricardo. Well, true, I've come for good,
Though evil may happen;
But, if I speak my wish, Don Vorlez,
I'm afraid it would not exactly suit thee;
Shall I do so?

Vorlez. Of course, Ricardo, tell me all thy heart.
If thou hast hopes of being my son,
I'm sure I hope to be thy loving father.

Ricardo. Now I can speak with an unmuffled tongue.
I do wish, Don Vorlez, to return to Spain thy son, and that soon; quickly to return, by the providence of the fates, and settle here with thee for ever.

Vorlez. Thou sayest well; be it so, indeed.
And heaven pour on thee dews of gracious fare. *Exit.*

Enter DESME *and* ROSALINE.

Rosaline. What, here, in Britain, my sweet cherished one. Heaven be praised. How did you leave them at Cadiz? Well, I hope.

Ricardo. Well, Rosaline, yes.
How glad I am to see you once more, and thrice glad in such a delightful country as this. Happy for you that

Henry of Bolingbroke has gone the way of all flesh, or it would not have been so.
And, mother Desme, pray tell me how you are.

Desme. O well, Ricardo; I hope my looks belie no ill,
I scarcely think so;
And I hardly can express my pleasure at again seeing you.
This is, indeed, the place we thought it.
Though cold in winter, yet our neighbours have warm hearts; not cold daggers, as in gloomy Spain.
Many powerful knights reside here.
One, Sir Simon de Tudenham, cometh in to-night; you'll have the pleasure of his company.

Ricardo. Well, that is pleasing to be sure, Desme.
But, to settle my affair, you—kind mother, may I say? I haste to be your son-in-law, and would take Rosaline next week to Spain, if possible.

Desme. O well, boy, if you wish that,
We've Father Jerome, of the order of St. Francis,
Close by us here,
I'm sure he'll seal the nuptial knot;
We'll have a merry making too, I'm sure.
I have no doubt upon another matter;
Sir Simon de Tudenham will rejoice to give our daughter away.

Exit.

Ricardo. How favourable the fates seem to me.
I have grave doubts if Albion is so fair
That Spain is cloudy,
By the dreams I've had of late.

Rosaline. O never mind the dreams, dear.
I dreamt one night the tower of the church
Was lying upon me.
Dreams I take for nought.

Enter DESME *and* SIR SIMON DE TUDENHAM.

Desme. Ricardo, a Spanish Knight, a courtier, and suitor of my daughter Rosaline, Sir Simon.

Tudenham. Ricardo's smile re-echoes in my breast.
You have well said, good lady Desme;
He shall be your son.

Here's good luck to him; and whilst I'm of this Boston, he shall be of me.

Ricardo. Bravo, good knight; I'm sure that
British hearts are hearts of love;
And never may I shame thy honest promise.
What with the scenes of Albion's joys,
And Albion's homes—yea, I'd never think of seeking a home in Spain again.
But, as the night is far advanced,
By thy permission, mother Desme, I'll depart for rest.

Exit. Ricardo and Rosaline.

Desme. The greatest object of Ricardo's visit
Is to wed my daughter Rosaline.
Wouldst thou mind to give the bride away?

Tudenham. O gladly will I do so.
I suppose old Jerome
Will perform the task.

Desme. O yes; and that a week to-day,
As Ricardo wishes to be in Spain again as soon as possible.
Well, let's withdraw to Vorlez, in the upper story, Sir Simon.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Room in Don Vorlez' *House, set apart for the Marriage of* Ricardo *and* Rosaline.

Enter FATHER JEROME, *a Monk, smiling.*

'Tis well, 'tis well;
See the sun doth shine upon us.

Enter SIR SIMON DE TUDENHAM, *with the* EARL OF ROCHFORD.

Tudenham. Hallo!—what? holy Father
Here so soon as this;
It must needs be thou hast seen a ghost,
Or some unearthly vision.

Jerome (laughing). No, no, Sir Simon; but thou knowest
Such matters as these require no delay.

Rochford. Is it from real experience thus thou sayest, O holy Father,
Or but from vague opinion of the case?

Jerome. O well, my lord, I hardly can reply to thee.
I cannot say who was my prompter then

Rochford. Whether or not thou speakest from experience, holy Father, let me tell thou speakest well for such as this;
Or else the bait, allowed to swim too long, might be the prey of some fresh coming fish.

Tudenham. Well, my lord, let's away,
To get prepared for this great festival.
Put on our wedding garments once more,
Else the assembly shame us of our dress.
These Spaniards are no fickle bodies,
Or yet inexpensive in their ways. *Exeunt.*

Jerome. As I am here alone,
These be my wishes to the happy pair:—
Long length of days;
Those days of joyful gladness,
Unknown to care or sadness,
Or to grief. May the angelic boy
Conduct them through these earthly groves,
And ne'er desert them, till they reach
The wicker gate of heaven. *Exit.*

er RICARDO *and* DESME, ROSALINE *and* SIR SIMON DE TUDENHAM, LADY AUSTEENA *and* LORD ROCHFORD.

Jerome. O happy pair, your fate is sealed,
Auspicious may it prove;
And may you ever be, as now,
Happy in each others happiness,
Lovely in each others love.
My lord, our knight, and ladies
Give, with myself, united prayers for joy.
United do we hope
One grave alone—be that afar off—
Shall close this scene upon you;
And may old father Neptune stay the winds of stormy currents,
And calm the breasting waters, till
Your bark glides into the harbour of your native town.

Tudenham. Right well, good father, hast thou said.

May their sun of fortune be as bright
As Apollo himself shines now,
And set, like him, whence its course is run,
In vaults celestial, heavenly chambers.

Rockford. I cannot speak;
But still, had I the power of Demosthenes himself,
I could but then avow my inclination to the words
Of holy priest and gallant knight,
Who have deservedly expressed such hearty wishes. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Parlour in Don Vorlex' *House.*

Enter Desme.

Vorlex. O Desme, Desme, hell, hell itself
Hath got no language for my pain.
In yonder creek, alas, alas,
Our daughter and our son-in-law
Sleep, sleep, the sleep of death!
Heaven itself hath cursed us even now!
O that we'd never come to Albion's clime!

Desme (pale). What dost thou mean, O husband?
Surely thou ramblest in thy mind;
Must be a dream thou hadst last night,
Or some queer vision, no reality.
God forbid it is ne'er what
Thy mournful words pronounce.
Ah, ah, here cometh Sir Simon.
Sir Simon, is it true, this awful news?
O can it be true? God deny.

Tudenham. 'Tis true, too true, too true,
Good lady Desme.
O fate, devoted to such cruel tasks,
Where will it end?
Even before the morning of their lives had dawned upon them,
The watery gulf but took them as its prey,
Heedless and unmindful of their nature.
But all that we can add,
May they be yonder, in those holier courts,
Yea, in those realms above!
Be it so, be it so.

Vorlez (*weeping*). Well, Sir Simon, that's our only comfort;
Still, the breast of man, unknown to suffer woe like this, must feel
the cruel pang.

Desme (*weeping*). And how shall we obtain their poor remains,
To give them joint interment?

Tudenham. The sailor says, good lady Desme,
That ere this their bodies have been washed into the vast expanse
of waters, never, never to be seen till the sea shall
yield up the millions that sleep in her boundless
depths.

Vorlez. Alas, my spouse and friend Sir Simon,
We cannot alter this a jot,
Or dictate to a higher power;
We can but grieve our loss.
Sufficient, then, we pray that holy vigils
Guard their slumbers till
The last hour breaks upon a burning world!

SONNETS.

TO THE REAPERS.

Reapers, ye who cut the waving fields of grain,
  Who, ere the rising sun doth shine upon the globe;
With cheerful hearts and minds re-seek your toil again,
  And from the bosom of the land, do wrest the golden robe.
Ye've seen the fearful mildew, the cruel worm and blight,
  The ravage of the blast, the damage of the hail;
Do not these visions of His works, these wonders of His
    might.
  Remind you to review your own eventful tale?
Remember though you're in the flag, the palmy days of life,
  A flash of light terrific, may cast you to the ground;
Remember if you're fading, a sudden gale of strife
  May lay your powers down, and spread destruction round.
Then ye who reap the harvest, be not your own forgot,
But be ye also ready! for Death's sickle waiteth not!

TO THE ORPHAN.

Parentless babe, no heart is left to mourn!
  Thy deep distress, no love remains to save
Thee from much trouble, now thy friends are torn
  From thy embrace, to slumber in the grave.
Alas! unknown, uncar'd for, whilst on earth,
  What pity gives, is oft denied to thee,
Long flown the brighter prospects of thy birth,
  While nought is left save dark reality.
But hear O babe, in heaven thy Parent lives!
  Who watcheth o'er thee with a Mother's care,
If 'tis unknown, the loss thou never grieves,
  There be thy hope, thy future fortune there.
Then Orphan smile, although bereft of love,
In this dull clime, thou hast a home above.

BOSTON CHURCH.

Oft as I view thy mighty tower, that rears
  Its head in pride unto the lofty skies,
Romantic legends of departed years,
  With their strange stories, in my mind arise:
I think I hear again that solemn peal
  Of holy voices in their heavenly song;
I see them at thy sacred altars kneel,
  And sable knights thy ancient cloisters throng.
O noble pile! O truly sacred place!
  Though in thy sepulchres our fathers sleep,
Now they have long since run their earthly race,
  And trailing mosses o'er their bodies creep.
We know that we shall soon our sceptre yield,
Submit to death, and others take the field.

ON THE REMAINS OF SLEAFORD CASTLE.

O noble relic of the byegone age,
  Whose massive walls retained our fathers' trust;
Thou, like thy builders, from the varying page
  Of Time, hast fallen, to mingle with the dust.
Thy mighty towers long have disappeared;
  That ancient "keep," that in its glory stood,
Has fall'n to ruin; where the turrets rear'd
  Their heads in pride I view the rippling flood.
No more in thee I hear the clashing sound
  Of horsemen, gathering for the bloody fight,
But lowing cattle feed upon that ground,
  And herbage clothes the hillocks of thy site.
Thy former glory now is but a tale,
That shows how vain is man, his works how frail.

PEACE.

Lo, blissful silence rules the worldly scene,
  No sound of discord rides along the air;
The powers of Heaven with the Fates convene
  Of earth to hold their tranquil meeting here.
No sound is heard, no clarion horseman calls
  His brother warriors to the desp'rate fight;
No cannon's boom, no fiery shaft appals,
  Or camp fire throws across the plain its light.
The little stream no more is tinged with blood,
  No grieving mother hangs her doleful head,
No more the hungry vultures seek their food,
  Or rav'ning wolves fight o'er the mangled dead,
But peace on earth makes known her loving sway,
The nations hear, and willingly obey.

TRUTH.

O VIRGIN of simplicity! O child
  Of pure virtue, how can I behold
Thy favoured smile, thy actions ever mild
  Thy love, which never, never groweth cold,
Without admiring? In the greatest might
  Of troubles, which thy godly actions prove,
The deed that bears thee to the skies of light
  Transmits thy actions to the world above,
Whilst fiction fades and cunning ways do fail
  To meet their proof. Without desponding care,
Thou walk'st triumphant to the judgment rail,
  Arrayed in beauties of the brightest glare.
O virgin, can I but obtain from thee
Thy valued smile, I am for ever free!

DESPAIR.

O HARSH Despair, shall it my soul betray?
  Or shall I sink into its depths profound,
Whilst one fair glimpse of Heaven cheers my way
  Below, whilst one kind hope to me is found?
O horrid fate! to bid the scenes adieu
  Of life, however chequered they appear.
Whilst we remain, I doubt it not, a few
  Enraptured joys will smile, our hearts to cheer.
Give not thy mind, O man, to stern despair;
  Though grief is hard, 'tis not for thee alone.
How oft we deem the worst of all our fare,
  And place the darkest trials as our own.
Why should we faint when there's a world above
Demands our zeal, our reason, and our love?

THE SABBATH.

How sweet it is upon that hallow'd morn,
  When sacred thoughts for once our minds inspire,
To hear those sounds, on flippant breezes born,
  That break in torrents from the village spire;
How sweet to drive all empty cares away,
  And lend our voices to the solemn song,
To think of Heaven on that holy day,
  Throw off the world, with all its bustling throng;
And who with eyes unchanged can view those stones
  That mark the spot where our forefathers sleep,
Denote where lieth at rest their weary bones,
  And faithful watchings e'er their bodies keep,
Without remembering man is in his bloom
To-day—to-morrow sleeping in the tomb!

TO THE WINDS.

RELENTLESS winds, why do ye fiercely rage,
  Or in your track destroy sweet nature's smile?
Your adverse currents in contention wage,
  To hurl destruction on the lofty pile?
The forest kings bend forward to your blast,
  From topmost branch to tiniest fibre shake;
They yield, they yield, uprooted torn at last,
  And rooks, affrighted, for their shelter quake.
But on the sea wild horrors meet the eye;
  The poor man's bark lies wrecked upon the shore,
The wild waves moan in doleful melody,
  And mock his death-cries with their dismal roar.
He sinks, alas! where no man's aid can come,
His widow weeps her mournful loss at home.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

FAREWELL, Old Year, thy mingl'd scenes are past,
  Of hope and fear. Another act is played
In life's great drama, which may be the last;
  The next may lay us in the ghastly shade.
Thou'st told the changes of revolving might,
  The fall of nations, and the human roll
Awarded France the laurels of a fight,
  And shook, with wars, the earth from pole to pole;
But still may Britain—nature's favour'd isle—
  Remain at peace with kingdoms far around.
O may the flower of freedom ever smile,
  And cheerful peasants till her fruitful ground.
Then years may roll, no loss she can deplore,
Till time shall cease, and ages be no more.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

HAIL, rising year, what record dost thou bring?
  What fate unsealed? what monarch's early doom?
What tower shall fall before the smiling spring?
  What monarch die before the summer's bloom?
Art thou the last? or shall we live to see
  A great successor follow in thy stead?
Shall we be spar'd to grace the destiny
  Of life, or slumber with the silent dead?
'Tis yet unknown to us what thou wilt prove,
  A guest of pleasure or a guest of pain.
No more the sun may light the skies above,
  Or yet the moon shine brightly on the main.
Before thou'rt gone the earth and skies may meet,
And world itself melt in the fervent heat.

ANOTHER.

HARK! he comes with stately step, with reverential awe,
  O greet another monarch great, and bid him smile to sway
The sceptre of our mortal lot, the oracles of law,
  Ye sons of earth's vast-peopled climes your gladdening homage pay.
Remember in that rubric, inscribed upon his roll,
  Your names may be engraven in characters of blood;
Remember, on that fatal list he holdeth in his scroll,
  Your lives, like ships deserted, or playthings on the flood,
Or as the feather on the wind, the victim of the gale,
  So may your fate be fashioned out, your life's last story told,
And this may end your habitation in this lowly vale.
  O mortals, lack not courage, but rise and dare be bold.
Exhaust the reasoning powers of man, in might again appear
Upon the stage to fight with faith the battle of the year.

A SPRING MORNING.

Beams of the rising sun, 'tis with delight
  I view your playful shadows on the robe
Of graceful Flora, when the shades of night
  Depart, which wrapt in peace the slumb'ring globe.
'Tis with delight I view those streaks divine
  Break from the chambers of the eastern sky;
In purple tints they from the heavens shine,
  The dewy vapours from their presence fly.
As early through the grassy glade I rove,
  The cuckoo's blithesome song salutes my ear,
The glorious odours of the flowery grove
  With lovely blossoms crown th' eventful year.
Oh, hand in hand may peace and plenty reign,
And clothe our fields with crops of golden grain.

SUMMER.

Sweet is the prospect of a summer's day,
  When Sol's bright chariot rides along the sky;
As from the trees the lively songsters gay
  Pour forth their notes in joyous minstrelsy.
Sweet is the scene that meets the viewing eye,
  As to the brook the restless cattle rush;
As gaudy insects speed their flight on high.
  And woods resound the watchnote of the thrush.
As graceful Flora sprinkles in the grove
  Her gems so fair, so beauteous to behold;
As whispering suitors tell the tale of love,—
  Beneath the hawthorn tidings blest unfold;
When Nature wears the smile of open bliss,
And her fair children bloom in happiness.

AUTUMN.

WHAT raptured feelings in our minds arise,
  As we behold the fading trees around;
Now Autumn's gales rush fiercely through the skies,
  And strew their foliage on the barren ground.
The well-known messenger of sunny days,
  The swallow, leaves our isle for warmer air;
The little ants their many hillocks raise,
  And for the winter's freezing blasts prepare;
While Nature kind, to every want sincere,
  Her creatures clothes with nicely woven fur,
Which must remind us of our journey here,
  A needful lesson to our minds confer:
For when the Autumn of our life is past,
We must be ready for the coming blast.

WINTER.

Lo! unrelenting Winter comes at last,
  With his attendants in their solemn line;
He stamps his ardour in the piercing blast,
  His cold embrace the watery plains combine.
The forest kings as lifeless statues stand,
  With dark impressions fill the gloomy scene,
While Nature's children die throughout the land.
  Their future advent cannot yet be seen.
There is no singing in the leafless grove,
  But all is silent as the shade of death;
No warbling songster echoes forth its love
  In tuneful strain; while cold is Flora's breath,
Till spring shall dawn amid her glories here,
And gild the preface of the coming year.

PRIDE.

O MAN, behold the starry vault, or look
  At nature's pencil in the lovely flower;
Survey the ocean or the crystal brook,
  Or smell the perfume of the fragrant bower.
Think of the Maker of them all, sublime;
  Remember He's the same who made the worm
That crawls unseen, the constant friend of Time,
  The ruthless waster of thy lowly form.
I say, 'tis He who for just purpose made
  Thee but of dust. Where is thy might and pride?
Think not of beauty, which in time will fade,
  Or gold, which all, ere long, must lay aside;
Divest thyself of all such empty show,
Thy Maker learn, thy feeble nature know.

CONTENTMENT.

'TWAS on a common's wide and wild domain,
  Beneath a rock a little spring was hid;
Fed by pure and refreshing rain,
  It trickled gladly through its sandy bed.
Proceeding through the wild and sunny vale,
  Through tangled thicket, next through fruitful glade,
It hurried forth, in true though gentle swell,
  In each ravine it formed a white cascade.
As human minds, though oft by fate misled,
  Its waters tinged, and in contempt oft driven,
It ceased not to flow, but onward made
  Its rolling course, to please the will of Heaven.
So by Contentment; if the mind is blest
Of man, by fate how can it be deprest?

FRIENDSHIP.

MAN, if thou hast no friend thou art undone—
  A friend in truth, I mean; not one that leaves
Or quits thy presence in the adverse turn
  Of fortune, but who in his mind receives
Part of thy troubles and thy worldly care;
  Who brings thee safely through the storm at last.
Then, if thy friend is suffered worse to fare,
  Grant him assistance through the cruel blast;
For clouds of dark adversity in might,
  Will dim the glories of the brightest day.
But through the mist of its infernal might
  Kind perseverance fights her onward way;
Whilst, unforgotten, back to memory cling
The smiles of fortune, in life's early spring.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. G. CRABBE.

WHAT need of Homer's verse, or Tully's phrase,
  O Crabbe, while thou liest in the silent tomb?
When nature's dictate, ardent in thy praise,
  Shall own thy memory in years to come.
One who in birth by fate sublime was blest
  With every charm by magic genius given,
And in thy life thy virtues were confest,
  A beam reflected from the rays of heaven.
But He who dwells in endless light above,
  Thought thee deserving of a better fate
Than scanning human life; so, in His love,
  Took thee to reign in pure, celestial state!
And many wish that Time's last days were done,
Their hearts and thine had mingled into one.

ROEBUCK'S SPEECH ON THE CONSPIRACY BILL, 1858.

SWEET to the Briton is the sound of peace,
  He loves to view the gales of heaven blow free,
But if harsh fate bids human power cease,
  To dwell agreed he asks for liberty.
There was a time when duty's path was bare,
  But blest with honour; lo! I quickly saw,
Well clad for conquest, thee on it appear;
  I heard thee tell the world thy country's law.
With confidence that only could exist
  In pure minds, thou spake; the brilliant rays
Of thy great genius shone; lo! fled the mist;
  Thou provedst to England's Senate Virtue's ways.
Oh, Roebuck! thou deservest esteem and love
From all that's just below, that's blest above.

TO A MISER.

WHY dost thou think, O man, that gold was made.
  To be thy god, the idol of thy heart;
The ruling power where thy hopes are laid,
  The only spring from whence thy joys depart?
Why lay up treasures where the thief may steal,
  Or hoard in coffers for corruption's spoil?
Ill-gotten riches, who thy views conceal,
  In dire sorrows dip thy mortal coil.
O vain, O simple man! to cast away
  Those lasting joys which never, never die,
For empty pleasures which in time decay,
  And at the mercy of the tempter lie.
Melt up thy golden god, forget the loss,
Believe in Christ, and bear His holy cross.

CHILDHOOD.

How sweet to muse upon that faded scene,
  Or in kind memory to reflect a view
From school-boy's pastime on the village green,
  Close by the cottage where the hawthorn grew.
How oft our garb was trimmed with decent care,
  Though noticed little in our lightsome thought,
And oft replaced our ever ruffled hair,
  Whilst Time again to us our troubles brought.
How oft we've pictured to ourselves those days
  Of happier visions and unclouded skies;
And fancied pleasures linger in the rays
  Of brighter suns, alas! which never rise.
We little knowing heavier cares and strife
Await the traveller from the spring of life.

CHRISTMAS.

Again December's race is well-nigh run,
  Another year is flitting from the stage
Of Time; and seldom shall the rising sun
  Diffuse its beams before another age
Its reign begins. But let us cease awhile;
  Another guest intrudes and takes a part;
He changes Winter's frown into a smile,
  With joyful glee he visits every heart,—
'Tis Christmas; and as waters in the dells
  Of ocean caverns constantly pour forth,
Their cheerful and unwearied canticles,
  So let us praise his efforts here on earth.
And may the sounds of many nations clear
Unite in peace to meet the coming year.

TIME.

O ALL-DEVOURER of the might of man,
  Whose feeble doings sink beneath thy stream;
Thou givest out the measure of his span,
  His actions are all but an empty dream.
Thou thinnest, with thy sword, the ranks of life,
  Whilst all that's mortal owns thy powerful sway;
The hush of peace, yea, and the battle's strife,
  Fall chosen victims of thy powerless prey.
Yea, and the warrior in his laurels bright,
  The midnight genii, and their prophecies,
Are sunk, in truth, from all discerning sight,
  But passing thought denotes their fallacies.
So wilt thou roll, till this frail orb in fire
Shall end, and all, yea all that is, expire.

FAITH.

O GREAT inspirer of the human frame,
  Who tunest our efforts to a blest desire;
Thee, with thy sisters, bear the foremost claim
  To earthly gratitude, in heavenly fire.
Thou cheer'st the latent, drooping scene of life,
  And throw'st a beam across the darkest mind;
Though tempests rage and evil gusts are rife,
  If thou but smile, to fate we are resigned.
O noble grant, by law of sacred love,
  Thou lightest up this mortal wilderness.
By thee we hope to live in courts above,
  Throw off our sins, and dwell in happiness;
May thy bright shadow to us ever be
A guide to live in blest eternity.

HOPE.

O BLEST companion of my early life,
  Fate cannot harm thy pure, immortal fame;
Though vice assails thee with its envious strife,
  It falleth short to hurt thy glorious name.
Though mists and storms encircle me around,
  Though Fortune fails, from her benignant store,
Me to supply, yet I court not the sound
  Of wealth, but hope for peace when time is o'er.
Though health itself, the greatest blessing here,
  Denies me succour, yet I look above,
And, true, my mind is void of every fear;
  If death itself approaches, 'tis in love.
Ye mortals here, who dwell beneath the sky,
Cling not to earth, but place your hopes on high.

CHARITY.

I CAME into the world and took a view
  Of human nature, in its fairest light;
I saw vast numbers on the path pursue,
  Of changing fate, their future scenes more bright.
I saw the beggar sitting by the way,
  Entreating alms, but on the other side
The haughty passed; for how could they betray
  Their high desires, or insult their pride?
But lo! I saw approach, of modest fame,
  A being, who, though humble, wore a smile
Of love. He fed the beggar, ask'd his name,
  And shared with him the blessings of his pile.
At this I said, "Enough, for I have seen
The joy of life—earth's most endearing scene."

APRIL.

Again, O changeful April, we discern
  Thy varying sunshine and the sudden hail;
A glimpse of Summer and the dark return
  Of cheerless Winter in the stormy gale.
Again dame Nature's works we see array'd
  In graceful foliage, and the verdure green
Covers the earth, while plainly is display'd
  The gilded prospect of a brighter scene.
But why dost thou to empty hopes give rise,
  Or in thy course a murmur entertain,
While Iris with her colours paints thy skies,
  And the dark clouds discharge the falling rain?
But now to thee we grateful homage pay,
Although dark shadows dim thy brightest day.

HUMAN LIFE.

I fancied on the bridge of life I stood:
  Beneath its arch I saw the human tide
Flow on with Time in its eventful flood.
  I saw upon its surf a child and guide;
Its guide was Truth, who held its fairy form
  In safety from the wildness of the stream,
Girt in true wisdom, proof against the storm,
  While passing o'er it sung a noble theme.
I look'd again, when, lo, an earthly god
  Appeared, while hundreds in his train he bore,
Each in their hands upheld a golden rod;
  And lo! at once they sank to rise no more.
I now thought I was struggling in the stream,
But, glad surprise! I found 'twas but a dream.

EVENING.

Behold, reflected in the western sky,
  Apollo's rays. The beauties of the day
Depart in peace, to other regions fly,
  Whilst night again assumes her solemn sway.
Another race of her career is o'er;
  Another day hath passed in fleeting age;
But all is gone, and can return no more
  To deck the glories of the fairest page.
No more my ears with worldly noises ring;
  The busy multitudes in silent sleep
Are hushed; though gloom around her shadows fling,
  I see fair Luna from the azure peep.
She throws around us her white stainless robe,
And wraps in silver light the slumbering globe.

WAR.

Alas! what is that voice, that furious cry
  Of human discord sounding in the ear?
What is that echo bounding far on high?
  Or what's the object of its visit here?
Why is the iron phalanx armed for fight?
  Why do the nations court the ghastly tomb
Of death, and mingle in the cup of spite
  More fatal poison to increase their doom?
Why do they tinge the rippling brook with blood?
  Or urge the peasant to the direst fate
Of war, as worthless but for carrion food?
  How weak is man, instead of nobly great.
Soon may that morning dawn of beauties rare:
The spear a sickle be, the sword a share!

LIFE.

SWEET to the fainting pilgrim is the stream,
  Sweet to the captive tidings of being free,
Sweet to the weary sleep's refreshing dream,
  But sweeter than all is life's blest liberty.
But yet, its sweets how varied, how unsure,
  Its joys uncertain; as the summer's sun
Reclines to rest while fretful tempests pour
  Their sudden rage, so soon its glory done!
But there are visions fair to human sight,
  Of lasting peace, of never-ending bliss,
Where all may wear a robe of spotless light,
  Where all may dwell in one fond happiness.
So, be prepared! for Death, come when he may,
The rich and poor alike his rule obey.

DEATH.

OH, ghastly King! whose legions at command
  Bear forth the orders of thy mighty will,
How swift thy message runneth through the land,
  To bid the voice of mortal sound be still.
How sudden, too, thou enterest at the dome,
  And robb'st the noble of his offspring dear!
How dark thy presence in the peasant's home,
  To cut the tie that binds his feelings here!
Alas! though Vice, thy willing aide-de-camp,
  Doth make sad ravage, in thy service rife,
May Virtue strew her blessings 'mid the throng,
  And Truth unseal the sacred law of life:
For love can conquer, Grace can bear the sting,
'Tis but Humanity obeys her King!

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